8.

THE

Excellent Comedy, called

THE OLD LAW:

OR

A new way to pleaſe you.

By *Phil. Maſſinger.*
Tho. Middleton.
William Rowley.

Acted before the King and Queene at *Salisbury Houſe*, and at ſeverall other places, with great Applauſe.

Together with an exact and perfect Catalogue of all the Playes, with the Authors Names, and what are Comedies, Tragedies, Hiſtories, Paſtoralls, Masks, Interludes, more exactly Printed then ever before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Edward Archer*, at the ſigne of the *Adam* and *Eve*, in *Little Britaine*. 1656.

Persons of the Play.

DUke of *Epire.*
Creon, Father to *Simonides* and *Cleanthes.*
Simonides 2. Courtiers
Cleanthes.
Lisander Husband to *Eugenia* and Uncle to *Cleanthes.*
Leonides an old man.
Antigona, Mother to *Simonides* and *Cleanthes.*
Hippolita, Wife to *Cleanthes.*
Eugenia, Wife to *Lisander* and Mother to *Parthenia.*
Parthenia, Daughter to *Eugenia.*
Courtiers.
Lawyers.
Cloune.
Executioner.
Butler.
Bayliff.
Taylor.
Cook.
Drawer.
Clerk.
Coachmen.
Footmen.
Guard.
Clowns Wife.
Wench.

The Scene EPIRE.

THE OLD LAW.

Act. I. Scen. I.

Enter Simonides, *and two Lawyers.*

Sim. IS the Law firm Sir?
1. *Law.* The Law, what more firm Sir,
More powerfull, forcible, or more permanent?
Sim. By my troth Sir,
I partly doe beleeve it; conceive Sir
You have indirectly answered my question.
I did not doubt the fundamentall grounds
Of Law in generall, for the most solid,
But this particular Law that me concerns
Now at the present, if that be firm and strong,
And powerfull, and forcible, and permanent.
I am a yong man that has an old father.
2 *Law.* Nothing more strong Sir,
It is *Secundum statutum Principis*
Confirmatum cum voce senatus,
Et voce republicæ, nay *consummatum*
Et exemplificatum, is it not in force
When divers have already tasted it
And payd their lives for penalty?
Sim. Tis true,
My father must be next, this day compleats
Full fourscore years upon him.
2. *Law.* Hees heer then
Sub pœna statuti, hence I can tell him
Truer then all the Physitians in the world,
He cannot live out to morrow; this is
The most certain Climacterickall year,

Tis past all danger, for ther's no scaping it:
What age is your mother Sir?
Sim. Faith neer her dayes to,
Wants some two of threescore.
1. *Law.* So, shee'l drop away
One of these dayes to; heers a good age now
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance.
Sim. And Sir tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bed-rid in their offices
That yonger men would walk lustily in:
Churchmen, that even her second infancy
Hath fiene'd, yet hath spun out their lives so long
That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languished in their hop'd reversions,
And died upon the thought, and by your leave Sir,
Have you not places fild up in the Law
By some grave Senators, that you imagin
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they remov'd, would leap into their dignities?
1. *Law.* *Dic quibus in terris & eris mihi magnus Apollo.*
Sim. But tell me faith your fair opinion:
Ist not a sound and necessary Law
This (by the Duke) enacted?
1. *Law.* Never did Greece
(Our ancient Seat of brave Philosophers)
Mongst all her Nomothets and Lawgivers,
Nor when she flourished in her seven fold sages,
(Whose living memory can never die)
Produce a Law more grave and necessary.
Sim. I'me of that mind too.
2 *Law* I will maintain Sir,
Draco's Oligarchy, that the government
Of Community reduced into few
Fram'd a fair state; *Solons* Crecopedi
That cut off poor mens debts to their rich creditors
Was good and charitable (but not full allowd.)
His *Sisasthie* did reform that error,
His honourable Senate of *Areopagita*,
Licurgus was more loose, and gave too free

And

And licentious reyns unto his diſcipline,
As that a yong woman in her husbands weaknes
Might chooſe her able friend to propogate;
That ſo the Commonwealth might be ſupplide,
With hope of luſty ſpirits, *Plato* did erre,
And ſo did *Ariſtotle*, allowing
Lewd and luxurious limits to their Lawes;
But now our *Epire*, our *Epires Evander*,
Our noble and wiſe Prince has hit the Law
That all our predeceſsive ſtudents
Have miſt unto their ſhame. *Enter* Cleanthes,
Sim. Forbear the praiſe Sir.
Tis in it ſelfe moſt pleaſing, *Cleanthes*
Oh lad heers a ſpring for yong plants to flouriſh,
The old trees muſt down kept the ſun from us,
We ſhall riſe now boy.
Clean. Whether Sir I pray?
To the bleak air of ſtorms, among theſe trees,
Which we had ſhelter from.
Sim. Yes from our growth,
Our ſap and livelyhood and from our fruit,
What tis not Jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou lookſt ſo ſad on't, how old's thy father?
Clean. Jubilee, no indeed, tis a bad year with me.
Sim. Prithee how old's thy father, then I can tell thee?
Clean. I know not how to anſwer you *Simonides*,
Hees too old being now expos'd
Unto the rigor of a cruell Edict,
And yet not old enough by many years,
Cauſe I'de not ſee him goe an howr before me.
Sim. Theſe very paſsions I ſpeak to my father,
Come, come, heers none but friends heer, we may ſpeak
Our inſides freely, theſe are Lawyers man,
And ſhalbe Counſellors ſhortly.
Cle. They ſhalbe now Sir,
And ſhall have large fees if thei'le undertake
To help a good cauſe (for it wants aſsiſtance)
Bad ones (I know) they can inſiſt upon.
1. *Law.* Oh Sir, we muſt undertake of both parts,

But the good we have moſt good in.

Cle. Pray you ſay,
How doe you allow of this ſtrange Edict?

1. *Law.* *Secundum Juſtitiam*, by my faith Sir,
The happieſt Edict that ever was in *Epire*.

Cle. What, to kill innocents Sir, it cannot be,
It is no rule in juſtice there to puniſh.

1. *Law.* Oh Sir,
You underſtand a conſcience, but not law.

Cle. Why ſir, is there ſo main a difference?

1. *Law.* You'l never be good Lawyer if you underſtand not that.

Cle. I think then tis the beſt to be a bad one.

1. *Law.* Why ſir, the very letter and the ſenſe both
Doe both orethrow you in this ſtatute,
Which that ſpeaks, that every man living to
Fourſcore years, and women to threeſcore, ſhall then
Be cut off as fruitleſs to the Republike,
And Law ſhall finiſh what nature lingerd at.

Cle. And this ſuit ſhall ſoon be diſpatcht in Law.

1. *Law.* It is ſo plain it can have no Demur,
The Church-Booke overthrows it.

Cle. And ſo it does
The Church Book overthrowes it if you read it well.

1. *Law.* Still you runne from the Law into error:
You ſay it takes the lives of Innocents,
I ſay no, and ſo ſayes common reaſon:
What man lives to foureſcore and women to three
That can die innocent?

Cle. A fine lawfull evaſion:
Good ſir rehearſe the full ſtatute to me.

Sim. Fie thats too tedious, you have already
The full ſum in the breef relation.

Cle. Sir, mongſt many words may be found contradictions,
And theſe men dare ſue and wrangle with a Statute,
If they can pick a quarrell with ſome error:

2. *Law.* Liſten ſir, ile gather it as breefe as I can for you,
Anno Primo Evandri, bee it (for the care and good of the Common wealth for divers neceſſary reaſons that wee ſhall urge) thus peremptorily enacted,

Cle.

Cle. A faire pretence if the reaſons foule it not.

2. *Law.* That all men living in our Dominions of Epire in their decayd nature, to the age of foure ſcore, or women to the age of three ſcore, ſhall on the ſame day bee inſtantly put to death, by thoſe meanes and inſtruments that a former Proclamation had (to this purpoſe) through our ſaid territories diſperſed.

Cle. There was no women in this Senate certain.

1. *Law.* That theſe men being paſt their bearing Armes, to aide and defend their Countrey, paſt their manhood and livelihood, to propogate any further iſſue to their poſterity, and as well paſt their councells (which overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to aſſiſt their Countrey, to whom in common reaſon, nothing ſhould be ſo wearieſome as their owne lives, as it may be ſuppoſed is tedious to their ſucceſſive heires, whoſe times are ſpent in the good of their Countrey, yet wanting the meanes to maintaine it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (borne to them) come to their neceſſary uſe, for the which are the women, for that they never were defence to their Countrey, never by Counſell admitted to the aſſiſt of government of their Countrey, onely neceſſary to the propagation of poſterity, and now at the age of three-ſcore to be paſt that good, and all their goodneſſe: it is thought fit then a quarter abated from the more worthy member to be put to death as is before recited: provided that for the juſt and impartiall execution of this our Statute the example ſhall firſt begin in and about our Court, which our ſelfe will ſee carefully performed, and not for a full Month following extend any further into our Dominions: Dated the ſixt of the ſecond month at our Pallace Royall in *Epire.*

Cle. A fine edict, and very fairely guilded
And is there no ſcruple in all theſe words,
To demurr the Law upon occaſion?

Sim. Pox tis an unneceſſary iriquiſition,
Prithee ſet him not about it.

2. *Law* Troth none ſir,
It is ſo evident and plain a caſe
There is no ſuccor for the Defendant.

Cle. Poſſible, can nothing help in a good caſe?

1. *Law.* Faith ſir I doe think there may be a hole
Which would protract delay if not remedie.

Cle. Why theres ſome comfort in that good ſir? ſpeake it,
1. *Law.* Nay you muſt pardon me for that ſir.
Sim. Prithee doe not,
It may ope a wound to many Sonns and Heires
That may die after it.
Cle. Come ſir, I know how to make you ſpeake, will this doot?
1. *Law.* I will afford you my opinion ſir.
Cle. Pray you repeat the literall words expreſly
The time of Death.
Sim. Tis an unneceſſary queſtion, prithee let it alone.
2. *Law.* Heare his opinion, twill be fruitleſſe ſir.
That man at the age of four ſcore, and women at threeſcore
Shall the ſame day be put to death.
1. *Law.* Thus I helpe the man to twenty one yeares more,
Cle. That were a faire addition.
1. *Law* Mark it, ſir wee ſay man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty before his infancy
And adoleſcenſie, nor by that addition,
Fourſcore he cannot be till a hundred and one.
Sim. Oh poore evaſion!
Hees foureſcore yeares old ſir,
1. *Law.* That helps more ſir
He begins to be old at fifty, ſo at fourſcore;
Hees but thirty yeares old, ſo believe it ſir,
He may be twenty yeares in declination
And ſo long may a man linger and live bit
Sim. The worſt hope of ſafety that ere I heard,
Give him his fee againe, tis not worth two deneers.
1. *Law* Theres no Law for reſtauration of fees ſir. *Enter* Creon
Cle No no ſir, I meant it loſt when twas given. & Antigona.
Sim No more good ſir
Heere are eares unneceſſary for your doctrine.
1. *Law.* I have ſpoke out my fee and I have done ſir.
Sim Oh my deare father!
Creon. Tuſh meet me not in exclaimes
I underſtand the worſt and hope no better:
A fine Law, if this hold, white heads will be cheape
And many watchmens places will be vacant
For ty of em I know my ſeniors,

That

That did due deeds of darknesse to their Countrey,
Has watchd em a good turne fort, and tane em
Napping now, the fewer Hospitalls will serve to,
Many may be usd for stewes and brothells
And those people will never trouble em to fourescore.

Anti. Can you play and sport with sorrow sir?

Creon. Sorrow, for what *Antigona*? for my life,
My sorrowes I have kept it so long well
With bringing it up unto so ill an end:
I might have gently lost it in my Cradle,
Before my Nerves and Ligaments grew strong
To hinde it faster to me.

Sim. For mine owne sake
I should have beene sorry for that.

Creon. In my youth
I was a Souldier, no Coward in my age,
I never turnd my back upon my foe,
I have felt natures winters sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerefull spring of health agen:
Dangers on Horseback, on Foot by Water,
I have scapd to this day, and yet this day
Without all help of casuall accidents
Is onely deadly to me, cause it numbers
Foutscore yeares to me, wheres the fault now?
I cannot blame Time, Nature, nor my Stars
Nor ought but Tyranny, even Kings themselves
Have some times tasted an even fate with me,
He that has beene a Souldier all his dayes
And stood in personall opposition, gainst Darts and Arrowes, the
Extreames of heat,
And pinching cold, has treacherously at home
In his secured quiet by a villaines hand
Am basely lost in my starts ignorance
And so must I die by a Tyrants sword.

1. *Law.* Oh say not so sir, it is by the Law!

Cre. And whats that sir but the sword of Tyranny
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?
I'me now upon my death bed sir, and tis fit

I ſhould unboſome my free conſcience
And ſhew the faith I die in, I doe beleeve
Tis tyranny that takes my life.
Sim. Would it were gone
By one means or other. what a long day
Will this be ere night?
Cre. Simonides.
Sim Heer ſir —— —— weeping.
Cre. Wherfore doſt thou weep?
Clean. Cauſe you make no more haſte to your end.
Sim. How can you queſtion nature ſo unjuſtly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filiall tears for him?
Clean. Hypocrite,
A diſeaſe of drought dry up all pity from him
That can diſſemble pity with wet eyes
Cre Be good unto your mother *Simonides*,
She muſt be now your care.
Anti. To what end ſir?
The bell of this ſharp edict towls for me
As it rings out for you, Ile be as ready
With one hours ſtay to goe along with you.
Cre. Thou muſt not woman, there are years behind
Before thou canſt ſet forward in this voyage,
And nature ſure will now, be kind to all:
She has a quarrell int, a cruell Law
Seeks to prevent her, ſheel therfore fight int
And draw out life even to her longeſt thred
Thou art ſcarce fifty five.
Anti. So many morrowes,
Thoſe five remaining yeares ile turne to daies
To houres or minutes for thy company,
Tis fit that you and I being man and wife
Should walke together arme in arme.
Sim. I hope they'l goe together, I would they would i faith,
Then would her thirds be ſav'd to, the day goes away ſir.
Cre. Why wouldſt thou have me gone *Simonides*?
Sim. O my hart, would you have me gone before you ſir?
You give mee ſuch a deadly wound.

Clean.

Clean. fine raſcall.

Sym. Blemiſh my duty ſo with ſuch a queſtion,
Sir I would haſt me to the Duke for mercie,
He thats above the Law may mitigate
The rigor of the Law. how a good meaning
May be corrupted by miſconſtruction?

Cre. Thou corrupt'ſt mine, I did not think thou meanest ſo.

Clean. You were in the more error.

Sym. The words wounded me.

Clean. Twas pittie thou diedſt not ont.

Sym. I have beene ranſaking the helps of Law
Conferring with theſe learned advocates,
If any ſcruple cauſe or wreſted ſence
Could have been found out to preſerve your life,
It had beene bought though with your full eſtate,
Your lifes ſo pretious to me, but there is none.

1. Law. Sir we have canvas'd it from top to toe,
Turnd it upſide downe, threw her on her ſide
Nay opend and diſſected all her intrayles
Yet can finde none, theres nothing to be hopd
But the Dukes mercie.

Sym. I know the hope of that,
He did not make the Law for that purpoſe.

Cre. Then to his hopeleſſe mercy laſt I goe,
I have ſo many preſidents before me,
I muſt call it hopeleſſe *Antigona*,
See me deliverd up unto my deaths man
And then weell pray five years hence ile looke for thee.

Sim. I hope thee'l not ſtay ſo long behind you.

Cre. Do not bate him an houre by griefe and ſorrow
Since theres a day prefixed, haſte it not,
Suppoſe me ſick *Antigona*, dying now
Any Diſeaſe thou wilt it may be my end
Or when Death's ſlow to come, ſay Tyrants ſend *Exeunt.*

Sim. *Cleanthes* if you want money, to morrow uſe me,
Ile truſt you while your fathers dead. *Exeunt.*

Clean. Why heres a villaine,
Able to corrupt a thouſand by example,
Does the kind root bleede cut his livelihood

In parent diſtribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is ſeen when hee's unſeen,
And muſt not gratitude diſcend agen
To comfort his old limbs in fruitleſſe winter
Improvident, at leaſt partiall nature
Weak woman in this kinde, who in thy laſt
Teeming ſtill forgets the former, ever making
The burthen of thy laſt throws the deareſt
Darling; oh yet in noble man reform it,
And make us better then thoſe v get ves,
Whoſe ſoules die within em; nature as thou art old,
If love and juſtice be not dead in thee,
Make ſome the patern of thy piety,
Leſt all doe turn unnaturally againſt thee,
And thou be blam'd for our oblivions
And brutiſh reluctations; I, heere's the ground
Whereon my filiall faculties muſt build
An edifice of honour or of ſhame
To all mankind.

Enter Leonides *and* Hippolita.

Hip. You muſt avoid it ſir:
If there be any love within your ſelfe,
This is far more then fate of a loſt game
That another venture may reſtore agen;
It is your life which you ſhould not ſubject
To any cruelty if you can preſerve it.

Cleon. O deareſt woman, thou haſt now doubled
A thouſand times thy nuptiall dowry to me;
Why ſhe whoſe love is but deriv'd from me
Is got before me in my debted duty.

Hip. Are you thinking ſuch a reſolution ſir?

Cle. Sweeteſt *Hippolita* what love taught thee
To be ſo forward in ſo good a cauſe?

Hip. Mine own pity ſir, did firſt inſtruct me
And then your love and power did both command me.

Cle. They were all bleſſed angels to direct thee,
And take their counſell; how doe you fare ſir?

Leon. Never better *Cleanthes*. I have conceiv'd
Such a new joy within this old boſome,

As

As I did never think would there have entred.
Cle. Joy call you it, alas tis sorrow sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
Leon. Death, whats that *Cleanthes*, I thought not ont?
I was in contemplation of this woman.
Tis all thy comfort son, thou hast in her
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe;
When I die, sure twilbe a gentle death;
For I will die with wonder of her vertues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.
Clean. 'Twere much better sir,
Could you prevent their malice.
Leon. Ile prevent em,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child (I must thank thee for her)
That the stronger tie of wedlock should doe more
Then nature in her neerest ligaments
Of blood and propigation, I should neer
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter in law, law were above nature
Were there more such children.
Cle. This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety, think of that sir.
Leon. Had you heard her *Cleanthes* but labour
In the search of means to save my forfet life,
And knew the wise and sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder in your love to her.
Cle. The thought,
The very thought claims all that from me,
And shees now possest of it, but good sir,
If you have ought receiv'd from her advice,
Lets follow it, or else lets better think,
And take the surest course.
Leon. Ile tell thee one,
She counsels me to flie my severe Country,
Turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soyle,

Where *Epires* law cannot claim me.
Cle. And sir, I apprehend it as a safest course
And may be easily accomplished; to death
Let us be all most expeditious
Every Country where we breath will be our own,
Or better soile; heaven is the roof of all,
And now as *Epires* situate by this law,
There is twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.
Hip. Oh then avoid it sir, these sad events
Follow those black predictions.
Leon. I prithee peace,
I doe allow thy love *Hippolita*,
But must not follow it as counsell, child;
I must not shame my Country for the law:
This Country heer hath bred me, brought me up,
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I'me in my second infancy, and children
Nere sleep so sweetly in their nurses cradle
As in their naturall mothers.
Hip, I but sir,
She is unnaturall, then the stepmother
Is to be preferd before her.
Leon. Tush, she shall
Allow it me dispite of her intrailes;
Why doe you think how far from judgment tis
That I should travell forth to seek a grave
That is already digd for me at home,
Nay perhaps find it in my way to seek it?
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves how have I banished you
From your Country ever with my base attempt
How have I beggerd you in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I had together,
Buried my name in *Epire* which I built
Upon this frame to live for ever in.
What a base coward shall I be to flie
From that enemy which every minute meets me?
And thousand odds he had not long vanquished me
Before this howr of battell, fly my death

I will not be ſo falſe unto your ſtates,
Nor fainting to the man thats yet in me,
Ile meet him bravely, I cannot (this knowing) fear
That when I am gone hence I ſhalbe there,
Come, I have dayes of preparation left.
Cle. Good ſir, hear me;
I have a Genius that has prompted me,
And I have almoſt formed it into words,
Tis done, pray you obſerve em, I can conceale you
And yet not leave your Country.
Leon. Tuſh, it cannot be
Without a certain perill ons all.
Clean. Danger muſt be hazarded rather then accept
A ſure deſtruction; you have a Lodge ſir,
So far remote from way of paſſengers,
That ſeldome any mortall eye does greet with it,
And yes ſo ſweetly ſituate with thickets
Built with ſuch cunning Laborinths within,
As if the provident heavens foreſeeing cruelty
Had bid you frame it to this purpoſe only.
Leon. Fie, fie, tis dangerous, and treaſon to,
To abuſe the law,
Hip. Tis holy care ſir,
Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to loſe, either in will
Or negligence.
Cle. Call you it treaſon ſir,
I had been then a traitor unto you,
Had I forgot this, beſeech you accept of it,
It is ſecure and a duty to your ſelfe.
Leon. What a coward will you make me?
Cle. You miſtake,
Tis noble courage, now you fight with death,
And yeeld not to him till you ſtoop under him.
Leon. This muſt needs open to diſcovery,
And then what tortor followes?
Cle. By what means ſir?
Why theres but one body in all this counſell,

Which cannot betray it ſelfe, we two are one,
One ſoule, one body, one heart, that think all one thought,
And yet we two are not compleatly one,
But as have deriv'd my ſelfe from you,
Who ſhall betray us where there is no ſecond?
Hip. You muſt not miſtruſt my faith though my ſex
Plead weak and frailty for me.
Leon. Oh I dare not!
But wheres the means that muſt make anſwer for me
I cannot be loſt without a full accompt,
And what muſt pay that reckoning?
Cle. Oh ſir, we will
Keep ſolemn obits for your funerall;
Weell ſeem to weep, and ſeem to joy withall
That death ſo gently has prevented you
The Lawes ſharp rigor, and this no mortall ear
Shall participate the knowledge of.
Leon. Ha, ha, ha,
This wilbe a ſportive fine Demur,
If the Error be not found.
Cle. Pray doubt of none
Your company and beſt proviſion
Muſt be no further furniſht then by us,
And in the interim your ſolitude
May converſe with heaven, and fairly prepare
Which was too violent and raging
Th-own headlong on you.
Leo. Still there are ſome doubts
Of the diſcovery, yet I doe allow't.
Hip. Will you not mention now the coſt and charge
Which wilbe in your keeping?
Leon. That wilbe ſomewhat
Which you might ſave to.
Cle. With his will againſt him;
What foe is more to man then man himſelfe?
Are you reſolv'd ſir?
Leon. I am *Cleanthes*:
If by this means I doe get a reprieve

And

And cozen death a while, when he ſhall come
Arm'd in his own power to give the blow,
Ile ſmile upon him then, and laughing goe. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Act. II. Scen. I.

Enter Duke, 3. Courtiers *and* Executioner.

Duke. EXecutioner.
Exe. My Lord.
Duke. How did old *Diocles* take his death?
Exe. As weeping Brides receive their joyes at night my Lord,
With trembling yet with patience.
Duke. Why twas well.
1. *Cour.* Nay I knew my Father would doe well my Lord.
When ere he came to die, i'de that opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live i'th world indeede any time theſe
Ten yeares my Lord.
But I would not ſay ſo much.
Duke. No, you did not well in't,
For he thats all ſpent is ripe for death at all houers,
And does but trifle time out,
1. *Cour.* Troath my Lord,
I would I had knowne your minde nine yeares agoe,
Duke, Our Law is fourſcore years, becauſe we judge
Dotage compleat then, as unfruitfullneſſe
In Women at threeſcore, marrie if the ſon
Can within compaſſe bring good ſollid proofes
Of his own fathers weaknes and unfitnes
To live or ſway the living though he want five
Or ten yeares of his number, thats not it,
His defect makes him fourſcore, and tis fit

He

He dies when he deſerves, for every act
Is in effect then when the cauſe is ripe.

2. *Court.* An admirable Prince how rarely he talks?
Oh that w'eed knowne th's Ladds, what a time did we endure
In two penny Commons? and in bootes twice vamp'd.

1. *Cour.* Now we have two paire a weeke, & yet not thankfull,
Twill be a fine world for them ſirs that come after us.

2. *Cour.* I and they knewt. 2. *Cou.* Peace let them never knowt.

3. *Cour.* A Pox there be young heires will ſoone ſmelt out.

2. *Court.* Twill come to em by inſtinct man, may your grace
Never be old, you ſtand ſo well for youth.

Duke. Why now me thinks our Court lookes like a Spring,
Sweet, freſh, and faſhionable, now the old weeds are gon.

1. *Cour.* Tis as a Court ſhould be: Gloſſe and good Clothes,
My Lord no matter for merit and herein your Law prooves a
provident act my Lord, when men paſſe not the palſie of their
Tongues, nor colour in their Cheeks.

Duke. But women by that Law ſhould live long,
For th'are neer paſt it.

1. *Cour.* It will have heates though when they ſee the painting
Goe an inch deep ith wrincle, and take up
A box more then their Goſſips, but for men my Lord
That ſhould be the ſole bravery of a Pallace,
To walke with hollow eyes and long white beards,
(As if a Prince dwelt in a Land of Goates)
With Clothes as if they ſat upon their backs on purpoſe
To arraigne a faſhion and condemn't to exile
Their pockets in their ſleeves, as if they layd
Their eare to avarice, and heard the Divell whiſper;
Now ours lie downward heere cloſe to the flanck,
Right ſpending pockets as a ſonnes ſhould be
That lives ith faſhion, where our diſeaſed fathers
Would with the Sciatica and Aches
Brought up your paind hoſe firſt, which Ladies laught at,
Giving no reverence to the place, (lies tuind,)
They love a doublet thats three houres a buttoning,
And ſits ſo cloſe makes a man groane agen,
And his Soule matter halfe a day; yet theſe are thoſe
That carry ſway and worth, prickd up in Clothes,

Why

Why ſhould we feare our riſing?

Duk. You but wrong
Our kindneſſe, and your owne deſerts to doubt on't,
Has not our Law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.

1. *Court.* Weel ſpare for no coſt ſir to appeare worthy.

Duk. Why y'are i'th noble way then, for the moſt
Are but appearers, worth it ſelfe it is loſt
And bravery ſtands fort.

Enter Creon, Antigona & Simonides.

1. *Court.* Look, look, who comes heere
I ſmell Death and another Courtier,
Simonides.

2. *Cour.* *Sim.*

Sim. Puſh, I'me not for you yet,
Your companies too coſtly, after the old mans
Diſpatch'd I ſhall have time to talke with you,
I ſhall come into the faſhion yee ſhall ſee too
After a day or two, in the meane time
I am not for your company.

Duke Old *Creon* you have been expected long,
Sure y'are above fourſcore.

Sim. Upon my life
Not four and twenty houres my Lord, I ſearch'd
The Church Booke yeſterdaie, does your Grace think
I'de let my Father wrong the Law my Lord?
Twere pitty a'my life then, no your Act
Shall not receive a minutes wrong by him
While I live ſir, and hee's ſo juſt himſelfe too
I know he would no offer't, heere he ſtands.

Creon. Tis juſt I die indeed my Lord, for I confeſſe
I'me troubleſome to life now, and the State
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counſell, I've a late
Employd my ſelfe quite from the World, and he that once
Begins to ſerve his maker faithfully
Can never ſerve a worldly Prince well after,
Tis cleane another way.

Anti. Oh give not confidence
To all he ſpeaks my Lord in his own injury!

His preparation only for the next world
Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this,
He is not loſt in judgement.
Sim. She ſpoils all agen.
Anti. Deſerving any way for ſtate imploiment.
Sim. Mother.
Anti His very houſhold laws preſcrib'd at home by him
Are able to conforme Chriſtian kingdomes,
They are ſo wiſe and vertuous,
Sim. Mother, I ſay.
Anti. I know your lawes extend not to deſert ſir,
But to unneceſſary years, and my Lord
His are not ſuch, though they ſhew white, they'r worthy,
Judicious, able, and religious.
Sim. Ile help you to a Courtier of nineteen, Mother.
Anti. Away unnaturall.
Sim. Then I am no fool I'me ſure,
For to be naturall at ſuch a time
Were a fool s part indeed.
Anti. Your Graces pity ſir,
And 'tis but fit and juſt.
Creon. Ith law my Lord,
And thats the juſteſt way.
Sim. Well ſaid father ifaith.
Thou wert ever juſter then my mother ſtill.
Duke. Come hither ſir.
Sim My Lord.
Du. What are thoſe orders?
Antig. Worth obſervation ſir,
So pleaſe you hear them read.
Sim. The woman ſpeaks ſhe knows not what my Lord:
He make a Law, poor man he bought a Table indeed,
Only to learn to die by't; ther's the buſines now
Wherein there are ſome precepts for a ſon to,
How he ſhould learn to live, but I neer lookt upont:
For when hees dead I ſhall live well enough,
And keep a better Table then that I trow.
Du And is that all ſir?
Sim. All I vow my Lord,

Save

Save a few running admonitions
Upon Cheeſe Trenchers, as Take heed of whoring, ſhun it;
Tis like a cheeſe too ſtrong of the Runnet,
And ſuch calves maws of wit and admonition
Good to catch mice with, but not ſons and heirs,
They'r not ſo eaſily caught.

Du. Agent for death.

Exe. Your will my Lord.

Du. Take hence that pile of years
Before ſurfet with unprofitable age
And with the reſt from the high promontory,
Caſt him into the ſea.

Creon. Tis noble juſtice.

Anti. Tis curſed tyranny.

Sim. Peace, take heed mother, you have but a ſhort time to bee caſt down your ſelfe, and let a yong Courtier doo't, and you bee wiſe, in the mean time.

Anti Hence ſlave.

Sim. Well ſeven and fifty,
Yave but three years to ſcold, then comes your payment.

1. *Court. Simonides.*

Sim Puſh, I am not brave enough to hold you talk yet,
Give a man time, I have a ſuit a making. *Recorders.*

2. *Cour.* We love thy form firſt, brave cloths will come man.

Sim. Ile make em come elſe with a miſchief to em,
As other gallants doe, that have leſſe left em.

Du. Hark whence thoſe ſounds, whats that?

1. *Cou.* Some funerall *Recorders. Enter*
It ſeems my Lord, and yong *Cleanthes* follows. Cleanthes & Hi-
Du Cleanthes. polita *with a hearſ*

2. *Cour.* Tis my Lord, and in the place
Of a chiefe mourner to, but ſtrangely habited.

Du. Yet ſuitable to his behaviour, mark it,
He comes all the way ſmiling, do you obſerv't?
I never ſaw a Corſe ſo joyfully followed,
Light colours and light cheeks, who ſhould this be?
Tis a thing worth reſolving.

Sim. One belive that doth participate
In this our preſent joy.

Dn. Cleanthes,

Clean. Oh my Lord.

Dn. He laught outright now,
Was ever ſuch a contrariety ſeen
In naturall courſes yet, nay profeſt openly?

1. Cour. I ha known a widow laugh cloſely my Lord
Under her handkercher, when tother part of her old face has wept
Like rain in ſunſhine, but all the face to laugh apparantly
Was never ſeen yet.

Sim. Yes mine did once.

Clean. Tis of a heavy time the joyfullſt day
That ever ſon was born to.

Dn. How can that be?

Clean. I joy to make it plain, my father's dead.

Dn. Dead!

2. Cour. Old *Leonides.*

Clean. In his laſt month dead,
He beguil'd cruell Law the ſweetlieſt
That ever age was bleſt to,
It grieves me that a tear ſhould fall upon't,
Being a thing ſo joyfull; but his memory
Will work it out I ſee; when his poor heart broke
I did not ſo much but leapt for joy,
So mountingly I touchd the ſtars me thought,
I would not hear of blacks I was ſo light,
But choſe a colour Orient, like my mind,
For blacks are often ſuch diſſembling mourners,
There is no credit given toot, it has loſt
All reputation by falſe ſons and widows;
Now I would have men know what I reſemble,
A truth indeed, tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honeſt then a cunning griefe
That's only fac'd with ſables for a ſhew,
But gawdy hearted; when I ſaw death come
So ready to deceive you, ſir forgive me,
I could not chooſe but be intirely merry,
And yet to ſee now of a ſudden
Naming but Death, I ſhew my ſelfe a mortall,
Thats never conſtant to one paſſion long;

I wonder whence that tear came when I ſmild,
In the production on't, ſorrows a thiefe,
That can when joy looks on ſteal forth a griefe,
But gracious leave my Lord, when I have performd
My laſt poor duty to my fathers bones,
I ſhall return your ſervant.

Duk. Well perform it,
The Law is ſatisfied, they can but die,
And by his death *Cleanthes* you gain well,
A rich and faire revenew. *Floriſh*

Sim. I would I had een another father, condition he did the like

Clean. I have paſt it bravely, now how bleſt was I
To have the dim ſight, now tis confirmd
Paſt fear or doubts confirmd, on on I ſay,
He that brought me to man I bring to clay.

Sim. I'me wrapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very ſight of yonder Hearſe,
I doe but think what a fine thing tis now
To live and follow ſome ſeven unkles thus,
As many Cozen Germans, and ſuch people
That will leave Legacies, a pox Ide ſee em hangd elſe ere Ide follow
One of them, and they could finde the way now Ive enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

Enter Butler, Tailor, Bayly, Cook, Coachman, *and* Footman.

But. We come to know your Worſhips pleaſure ſir,
Having long ſerv'd your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.

Sim. Not a jot i faith:
My father wore cheap garments, he might doot, I ſhall have all my Clothes come home to morrow, they will eat up all you, and there were more of you ſirs; to keepe you ſixe at Livery and ſtill munching.

Tay. Why I'me a Taylor, y'ave moſt need of me ſir.

Sim. Thou madeſt my fathers clothes that I confeſſe,
But what ſonne and heir will have his fathers Taylor
Unleſſe he have a mind to be well laught at? Thaſt beene ſo us'd to wide long ſide things, that when I come to truſſe I ſhall have the waſte of my Dublet lie upon my buttocks, a ſweet ſight.

But. I a Butler.

Sim. Theres leaſt neede of thee fellow, I ſhall nere drinke at Home, I ſhall be ſo drunke abroad.

But. But a cup of ſmall beere will do well next morning ſir

Sim. I grant you, but what neede I keepe ſo big a knave for a Cup of ſmall Beere?

Cooke. Butler you have your anſwer, marry ſir a Cooke, I know your maſterſhip cannot be without.

Sim. The more aſſe art thou to think ſo, for what ſhould I doe With a Mountebancke, no drinke in my houſe, the baniſhing the Butler might have beene a warning for thee, unleſſe thou meanſt to Choake me.

Cooke. Ith meane time you have choaked me, me thinks.

Bay. Theſe are ſuperfluous vanities indeed,
And ſo accounted of in theſe dayes ſir,
But then your Bayliff to receive your rents.

Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue fellow, I ſhall take a courſe to ſpend em faſter then thou canſt reckon em, tis not the rents muſt ſerve my turne, unleſſe I meane to be laughed at, if a man ſhould be ſeene out of ſlaſh me, let him nere look to be a right gallant: But ſirrah with whom is your buſineſſe?

Coach Your good maſterſhip.

Sim. You have ſtood ſilent all this while, like men
That know their ſtrengths i'theſe dayes, none of you
Can want imployment, you can winne me wagers
Footman in running races.

Foot I dare boaſt it ſir.

Sim. And when my bets are all come in and ſtore
Then Coachman you can hurry me to my whore.

Coach. Ile firke em into foame elſe.

Sim. Speaks brave matter,
And ile firk ſome to, or't ſhall coſt hot water.

Cooke Why heares an age to make a Cooke a Ruffin, and ſcald the Divell indeed, doe ſtrange mad things, make mutton paſties of Dogs fleſh, backe Snakes for Lamprie Pies, and Cats for Cunnies:

But. Come will you bee ruld by a Butlers advice once? for wee muſt make up our fortunes ſome where now as the caſe ſtands, lets een therefore goe ſeeke out widdowes of nine and fiftie and we can, thats within a yeare of their deaths, and ſo we ſhall bee ſure to bee quickly ridd of em, for 9 yeares enough of conſcience to bee troubled

troubled with a wife for any man living.

Cooke. Oracle Butler, Oracle Butler, hee puts downe all the Doctors a'th name. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eugenia, *and* Parthenia.

Eug. Parthenia.

Par. Mother.

Eug. I ſhall be troubled
This ſix months with an old Clogg, would the Law
Had been cut one yeare ſhorter.

Par. Did you call forſooth.

Eug. Yes, you muſt make ſome ſpoone meat for your father,
And warme three night capps for him, out apont
The meer conceit turns a yong womans ſtomack,
His ſlippers muſt be warmd in Auguſt too,
And his gowne girt to him in the very dogdaies
When every Maſtiffe lols ours tongue for heat,
Would not this vex a beauty of 19. now?
Alas I ſhall be tumbling in cold Bathes now
Under each arme pit a fine beane flower bag
To ſcrew out whiteneſſe when I liſt,
And ſome ſeaven of the propreſt men ith Dukedome,
Making a Banquet ready ith next roome for me,
Where he that gets the firſt kiſſe is envied
And ſtands upon his guard a fortnight after;
This is a life for nineteene, but tis juſtice
For old men, whoſe great acts ſtand in their minds
And nothing in their bodies, doe nere think
A woman yong enough for their deſire,
And we yong wenches that have mother wits
And love to marry muck firſt, and man after,
Doe never thinke old men are old enough
That we may ſoon be rid on em. theres our quittance;
I have waited for the happy houre this twoe yeare
And if Death be ſo unkind ſtill to let him live
All that time I am loſt. *Enter* Courtiers.

1. *Cour.* Yong Lady.

2. *Cour.* O ſweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth ſhe ſmells over all the houſe me thinks.

1. *Court.* The Sweet Briers but a counterfeit to her.

It does exceede you only in the prickle,
But that it ſhall not long if youl be rul'd Lady.

Eug. What meanes this ſuddain viſitation Gentlemen?
So paſſing well perform'd too, whoſe your Milliner?

1. *Cour.* Love and thy Beauty Widdow.

Eug. Widdow ſir.

1. *Court.* Tis ſure and thats as good, in troath w'are ſuitors
We come a wooing wench, plain dealings beſt.

Eug. A wooing, what before my Husbands dead?

2. *Cour.* Lets loſe no time, 6. months will have an end you know,
I know't by all the Bonds that ere I made yet.

Eug. Thats a ſure knowledge, but it holds not heere ſir.

1. *Cour.* Do not you know the craft of your yong Tumblers?
That you wed an old man, you thinke upon another husband as you
are marrying of him, wee knowing your thoughts made bold to
ſee you. *Enter* Simonides, Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he ſpeaks 'twas my thought indeed.

Sim. By your leave ſweet Widdow, do you lack any gallants?

Eug. Widdow agen, tis a comfort to be cald ſo.

1. *Cour.* Whoſe this *Simonides.*

2. *Cour.* Brave *Sim* I faith.

Sim. Coachman.

Coach. Sir.

Sim. Have an eſpeciall care of my new mares,
They ſay ſweet Widdow he that loves a horſe well
Muſt needs love a Widdow well, when dies thy Husband?
I'ſt not *July* next.

Eug. Oh y'are to hot ſir!
Pray coole your ſelfe and take *September* with you.

Sim. *September* oh I was but two Bowes wide.

1. *Cour.* Mr. *Simonides.*

Sim. I can entreat you gallants, I'me in faſhion too. *Ent.* Liſander.

Liſan. Ha, whence this heard of folly, what are you?

Sim. Well willers to your wife, pray tend your booke ſir,
We have nothing to ſay to you, you may goe die,
For heere be thoſe in place that can ſupply.

Liſan. Whats thy wild buſineſſe heere?

Sim. Old man, i'le tell thee,
I come to beg the reverſion of thy Wife,

I think theſe gallants be of my mind too, but thou art but a dead
Man, therefore what ſhould a man doe talking with thee,
Come Widdow ſtand to your tackling.

Liſan. Impious blood hounds.

Sim. Let the Ghoſt talke, nere mind him.

Liſan. Shames of nature.

Sim. Alaſs poore Ghoſt, conſider what the man is.

Liſan. Monſters unnaturall, you that have beene covetous
Of your own fathers deaths, gape yee for mine now?
Cannot a poore old man that now can reckon
Ben all the houres he has to live, live quiet
For ſuch wild beaſts as theſe, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themſelves,
But ſcatter others comforts that are ripened
For holy uſes? is hot youth ſo haſty
It will not give an old man leave to die?
And leave a Widdow firſt, but will make one
The Husband looking on, may your deſtructions
Come all in haſty figures to your Soules,
Your wealth depart in haſt, to overtake
Your honeſties, that died when you were infants.
May your male ſeed be haſty ſpeed thrifts too?
Your daughters haſtie ſinners and diſeaſ'd
Ere they be thought at yeares to welcome miſery,
And may you never know what leiſure is
But at repentance: I am too uncharitable
Too foule, I muſt goe cleanſe my ſelfe with prayers;
Theſe are the Plagues of fondneſſe to old men
Wee'r puniſht home with what we doat upon. *Exit.*

Sim So ſo, the Ghoſt is vaniſh'd now, your anſwer Lady.

Eug. Excuſe me gentlemen, 'twere as much impudence
In me to give you a kind anſwer yet,
As madneſſe to prodace a churliſh one.
I could ſay now, come a month hence ſweet gentlemen,
Or two or three, or when you will indeed,
But I ſay no ſuch thing. I ſet no time:
Nor is it mannerly to deny any,
He carry an even hand to all the world,
Let other women make what haſt they will,

Whats that to me, but I profeſs unfainedly,
Ile have my husband dead before I marry,
Nere looke for other anſwer at my hands Gentlemen.
Sim. Would he were hangd for my part looks for other.
Eug. Ime at a word
Sim. And Ime at a blow then,
Ile lay you o'th lips and leave you.
1. *Cour.* Well ſtruck *Sim.*
Sim. He that dares ſay heell mend it, Ile ſtrike him.
1. *Cour.* He would betray himſelfe to be a brother
That goes about to mend it.
Eug. Gentlemen, you know my minde, I bar you not my houſe,
But if you chooſe out houres more ſeaſonably
You may have entertainment.

Enter Parthenia.

Sim. What will ſhe doe heerafter when ſh is a widow,
Keeps open houſe already? *Exeunt.*
Eug. How now Girle?
Parth. Thoſe featherd fools that hither took their flight,
Have griev'd my father much.
Eug. Speak well of youth Wench
While th'ſt a day to live; tis youth muſt make thee,
And when youth fails, wiſe women will make it;
But alwayes take age firſt to make thee rich:
That was my counſell ever, and then youth
Will make thee ſport enough all thy life after.
Tis Times policy Wench, what iſt to bide
A little hardneſs for a pair of years or ſo,
A man whoſe only ſtrength lies in his breath,
Weaknes in all parts elſe, thy bedfellow
A cough oth Lungs, or ſay a wheening matter,
Then ſhake off chains, and dance all thy life after.
Parth. Every one to their liking, but I ſay
An honeſt man's worth all, be he yong or gray,
Yonders my Cozen.

Enter Hippolita.

Eug Art I muſt uſe thee now,
Diſſembling is the beſt help for a vertue
That ever woman had, it ſaves their credit often.

Hip.

Hip. How now Cozen,
What weeping?
Eug. Can you blame me when the time
Of my dear Love and Husband now drawes on;
I ſtudy funerall teares againſt the day
I muſt be a ſad widow.
Hip. In troth *Eugenia* I have cauſe to weep to,
But when I viſit, I come comfortably,
And look to be ſo quited, yet more ſobbing,
Eug. Oh the greateſt part of your affliction's paſt,
The worſt of mine's to come, I have one to die,
Your husbands father is dead, and fixt
In his eternall peace, paſt the ſharp tyrannous blow.
Hip. You muſt uſe patience Coze.
Eug. Tell me of patience.
Hip. You have example fort in me and many.
Eug. Yours was a father in law, but mine a husband,
O for a woman that could love and live
Wi h an old man, mine is a jewell Cozen,
So quietly he lies by one, ſo ſtill.
Hip. Alas! I have a ſecret lodg'd within me
Which now will out, in pity I can't hold.
Eugen. One that will not diſturb me in my ſleep
After a whole month together, leſſe it be
With thoſe diſeaſes age is ſubject to,
As aches, coughes, and pains, and theſe heaven knows
Againſt his will too, hees the quieteſt man,
Eſpecially in bed.
Hip. Be comforted.
Eug How can I Lady?
None knowes the terror of an husbands loſſe,
But they that feare to loſe him.
Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but twill not be,
She is my kinſwoman, and i'me pitifull,
I muſt impart a good if I knowt once,
To them that ſtand in need ont, I me like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends muſt partake too, prithee ceaſe Cozen

If your love be ſo boundleſs, which is rare
In a yong woman in theſe dayes, I tell you,
To one ſo much paſt ſervice as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you,
My husband found it out firſt.

Eug. Oh ſweet Cozen!

Hip. You may conceale him, and give out his death
Within the time, order his funerall too;
We had it ſo for ours, I prayſe heaven for't,
And hees alive and ſafe.

Eug. O bleſſed Coze,
How thou reviv'ſt me?

Hip We daily ſee
The good old man, and feed him twice a day,
Me thinks it is the ſweeteſt joy to cheriſh him,
That ever life yet ſhewd me.

Eug. So ſhould I think
A dainty thing to nurſe an old man well.

Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily bleſſing.
And we two live ſo lovingly upon't,
His ſon and I, and ſo contentedly,
You cannot think unleſſe you taſted on't.

Eug. No I warrant you, Oh loving Cozen,
What a great ſorrow haſt thou eas'd me of?
A thouſand thanks goe with thee.

Hip. I have a ſuite to you, I muſt not have you weepe when I am gone. *Exit.*

Eug. No, if I doe neer truſt me: Eaſie fool,
Thou haſt put thy ſelfe into my power for ever:
Take heed of angring of me; I conceal,
I fain a Funerall, I keep my husband,
Laſſe I have been thinking any time theſe two years
I have kept him too long already.
Ile goe count ore my Suitors, thats my buſineſs,
And prick the man down, I ha ſix months to doot,
But could d'ſpatch him in one, were I put toot. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Act. III. Scen. I.

Enter the Clown and Clark.

Clo. YOu have ſearcht ore the Pariſh Chronicle, ſir?

Clar. Yes ſir, I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

Clo. Pray you be covered ſir.

Clar. When you have ſhewd me the way ſir.

Clo. Oh ſir remember your ſelfe, you are a Clark.

Clar. A ſmall Clark ſir.

Clo. Likely to be the wiſer man ſir, for your greateſt Clarks are not alwayes ſo, as tis reported.

Clar. You are a great man in the Pariſh ſir.

Clo. I underſtand my ſelf ſo much the better ſir, for all the beſt in the Pariſh pay duties to the Clark, and I would ow you none ſir.

Clar. Since youl have it ſo, i'le be the firſt to hide my head.

Clo. Mine is a capcaſs now to cur buſines in your hand, good luck I hope, I long to be reſolv'd.

Clar. Look you ſir, this is that cannot deceive you,
This is the Diall that goes ever true;
You may ſay *Ipſe dixit* upon this witnes,
And tis good in Law too.

Clo. Pray you lets hear what it ſpeaks.

Clar. Mark ſir, *Agatha* the daughter of *Pollux*, this is your Wives name, and the name of her father, born.

Clo. Whoſe daughter ſay you.

Clar. The daughter of *Pollux*

Clo. I take it his name was *Bollux*.

Clar. *Pollux* the Orthography I aſſure you ſir, the word is cor-

Clo. Well on ſir of *Pollux*, now come on *Caſtor*. (rupted elſe.

Clar. Born in *an.* 1540. and now tis 99. by this infallible record ſir (let me ſee) ſhe is now juſt 59. and wants but one.

Clo. I am ſorry ſhe wants ſo much.

Clar.

Clar. Why ſir? alas tis nothing, tis but ſo many months, ſo many ſo many weeks, ſo many——

Clo. Do not deduct it to dayes, twill be the more tedious, and to meaſure it by houre glaſſes were intollerable.

Clar. Doe not think on it ſir, halfe the time goes away in ſleep, tis halfe the yeare in nights.

Clo. Oh you miſtake me neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman, if ſhee were gone now it would not grieve mee, for what is a yeare alaſſe but a lingring torment? and were it not better ſhe were out of her paine, t'muſt needs bee a griefe to us both.

Clar. I would I knew how to eaſe you neighbour?

Clo. You ſpeake kindly truly, and if you ſay but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in) it might be don, Clarks are the moſt indifferent honeſt men, for to the marriage of your enemy, or the buriall of your friend, the Curſes or the Bleſſings to you are all one, you ſay Amen to all.

Clar. With a better will to the one then the other neighbour, but I ſhall be glad to ſay Amen to any thing might doe you a pleaſure.

Clo. There is firſt ſomthing above your duty, now I would have you ſet forward the Clock alittle, in to helpe the old woman out of her paine.

Clar. I will ſpeake to the Sexton for that, but the day will go nere the faſter for that.

Clo. Oh neighbour you dee not conceit mee, not the Jack of the Clock-houſe the hand of the Diall I meane, come, I know you being a great Clark, cannot chuſe but have the art to caſt a figure.

Clar. Never indeed neighbour, I never had the judgement to caſt a figure.

Clo. I'le ſhow you on the back ſide of your booke, looke you, what figures this.

Clar. Four with a Cipher thats forty.

Clo. So forty, whats this now?

Clar. The Cipher is turn'd into 9. by adding the taile which makes forty nine.

Clo. Very well underſtood, what i'ſt now?

Clar. The 4. is turnd into 3. tis now thirty nine.

Clo. Very well underſtood, and can you do this agen?

Clar. Oh eaſily ſir.

Clo. A wager of that, let me ſee the place of my wives age agen.

Clar. Looke you ſir tis heere 1540.

Clo. Forty drachmaes, you doe not turne that forty into thirty nine.

Clar. A match with you.

Clo. Done, and you ſhall keepe ſtakes your ſelfe there they are.

Clar. A firme match, but ſtay ſir now I conſider it, I ſhall add a yeare to your wives age, let mee ſee *Sciropheon* the 17. and now tis *Hecatomeaon* the 11. if I alter this your wife will have but a month to live by the Law.

Clo. Thats all one ſir, either doe it or pay me my wager.

Clar. Will you loſe your wife before you loſe your wager?

Clo. A man may get two wives before halfe ſo much money by em, will you doot?

Clar. I hope you will conceale me for tis flat corruption.

Clo. Nay ſir I would have you keepe counſell, for I loſe my money by't and ſhould be laught at for my labour, if it ſhould bee known.

Clar. Well ſir, there tis done, as perfect 39. as can be found in black and white but mum ſir, thers danger in this figure caſting.

Clo. I ſir, I know that better men then you have beene throwne over the barr for as little, the beſt is, you can be but throwne out of the Belfrie.

Enter the Cook, *the* Taylor, Bayliffe, *and* Butler.

Clar. Lock cloſe heere comes company, Aſſes have eares as well as Pitchers.

Cook. Oh *Gnothos*, how i'ſt? heer's a trick of diſcarded Cards of us, wee were ranked with Coats as long as our old maſter lived.

Clo. And is this then the end of Serving men?

Cooke. Yes faith, this is the end of ſerving men, a wiſe man were better ſerve one God then all the men in the world.

Clo. Twas well ſpak of a Cook, and are all faln into faſting daies and ember weeks, that Cooks are out of uſe?

Tay. And all Taylors will bee cut into Liſts and Shreds, if this world hold, we ſhall grow both out of requeſt.

But. And why not Butlers aſwell as Taylors, if they can goe naked, let em neither eat nor drink.

Cla. Thats ſtrange mee thinks, a Lord ſhould turne away his

Taylor

Taylor of all men, and how doſt thou Taylor?

Tay. I do ſo ſo, but indeed all our wants are long of this Publican my Lords Bayliff, for had he been rent gatherer ſtill, our places had held together ſtill, that are now ſeame rent, nay crack'd in the whole peece.

Bal. Sir, if my Lord had not ſold his Lands that claime his Rents, I ſhould ſtill have beene the rent gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the Coachman, and the Footman, all Serving men are out of requeſt.

Clo. Nay ſay not ſo, for you were never in more requeſt then now; for requeſting is but a kind of a begging, for when you ſay I beſeech your Worſhips Charity, tis all one if you ſay I requeſt it, and in that kind of requeſting, I am ſure ſerving men were never in more requeſt.

Cook. Troath hee ſayes true, well let that paſſe, wee are upon a better adventure. I ſee *Gnothos* you have beene before us, we came to deale with this Merchant for ſome commodities.

Clar. With me ſir any thing that I can.

But. Nay we have look'd out our Wives already, marry to you we come to know the prices, that is to know their ages for ſo much reverence we beare to age, that the more aged, they ſhall be the more deere to us.

Tay. The truth is every man has laid by his Widdow, ſo they be lame enough, blinde enough, and old, tis good enough.

Clar. I keepe the town ſtock, if you can but name em, I can tell their ages to day.

Om. We can tell their fortunes to an houre then.

Clar. Only you muſt pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh bountifully, come mine firſt!

But. The Butler before the Cooke while you live, thers few that eate before they drinke in a morning.

Tay. Nay then the Taylor puts in his needle of priority, for men do cloth themſelves before they either drink or eat.

Bay. I will ſtrive for no place, the longer ere I marry my wife, the older ſhee will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clar. I will ſerve you all gentlemen if you will have patience.

Clo. I commend your modeſty ſir, you are a Bayliff whoſe place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bumm of all the reſt.

Bay. So ſir, and you were about this buſineſſe too, ſeeking out

for

for a Widdow.

Clo. Alack no ſir, I am a married man, and have thoſe cares upon me that you would faine runn into.

Bay. What an old rich wife, any man in this age deſires ſuch a care.

Clo. Troath ſir I'le put a venter with you if you will, I have a luſty old queane to my wife, ſound of wind and limb, yet I'le give out to take three for one, at the marriage of my ſecond wife.

Bay. I ſir, but how neere is ſhee to the Law?

Clo. Take that at hazard ſir, there muſt bee time you know to get a new: Unſight, unſeen, I take 3. to one.

Bay. Two to one I'le give if ſhee have but two teeth in her head.

Clo. A match, theres five drachmes for ten at my next wife.

Bay. A match.

Cook. I ſhall be fitted bravely, fifty eight and upwards, tis but a yeare and a halfe, and I may chance make friends, and beg a yeare of the Duke.

But. Hey boyes I am made ſir Butler, my wife that ſhall bee wants but two months of her time, it ſhall bee one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a hunny moon.

Tay. I out ſtrip you all. I ſhall have but ſix weeks of Lent, if I get my Widdow, and then comes eating tide plump and gorgious.

Clo. This Taylor will be a man if ever there were any.

Bay Now comes my turn, I hope goodman Finis, you that are ſtill at the end of all with a ſo be it, well now ſirs, doe you venter there as I have done? and ile venter hereafter you, good luck I beſeech thee.

Clar. Amen ſir.

Bay. That deſerves a fee already, there tis, pleaſe me and have a better.

Clar. Amen ſir.

Cook. How two for one at your next wife, is the old one living?

Clo. You have a faire Match, I offer you no foule one, if Death make not haſt to call her, ſhee'l make none to go to him.

But. I know her, ſhees a luſty woman, I'le take the venter.

Clo. Theres five drachmaes for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay then weel be all Merchants give me.

Tay. And me.

But. What has the Bayliff ſped?

Bay. I am content, but none of you ſhall know my happineſs.

Clar. As well as any of you all believe it ſir.

Bay. Oh Clarke you are to ſpeak laſt alwayes.

Clar. I'le remember't hereafter ſir, you have done with mee Gentlemen? *Enter* Wife.

Om. For this time honeſt Regiſter.

Clar. Fare you well then, if you do, I'le cry Amen toot. *Exit.*

Cook. Looke you ſir is not this your Wife?

Clo. My firſt wife ſir.

But. Nay then we have made a good match ont, if ſhe have no froward Diſeaſe, the Woman may live this dozen yeares by her age.

Tay. I'me afraid ſhees broken winded, ſhee holds ſilence ſo long.

Cook. Weel now leave our venter to the event, I muſt a wooing.

But. Ile but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bay. So we muſt all, for he that goes a wooing to a Widdow without a weapon will never get her. *Exeunt.*

Clo. Oh Wife, Wife!

Wife. What ayle you man you ſpeake ſo paſſionatly?

Clo. Tis for thy ſake ſweet wife, who would thinke ſo luſty an old woman, with reaſonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect uſe as ever it was, ſhould bee ſo neere her time, but the Fates will have it ſo?

Wife. Whats the matter man, you doe amaze me?

Clo. Thou art not ſick neither I warrant thee.

Wife. Not that I know of ſure.

Clo. What pitty tis a woman ſhould bee ſo neere her end, and yet not ſick

Wife. Neere her end man, tuſh I can gueſſe at that,
I have yeares good yet of life in the remainder,
I want two yet at leaſt of the full number,
Then the Law I know craves impotent and uſeleſs
And not the able women.

Clo. I alas I ſee thou haſt beene repairing time as well as thou couldſt

couldſt, the old wrinckles are well fild up, but the Vermilion is ſeene too thick, too thick, and I read whats written in thy forehead, it agrees with the Church Booke.

Wife. Have you ſought my age man, and I preethee how is it?

Clo. I ſhall but diſcomfort thee.

Wife. Not at all man, when there's no remedy, I will go though unwillingly.

Clo. 1539. Juſt it agrees with the Booke, you have about a yeare to prepare your ſelfe.

Wife. Out alas, I hope theres more then ſo, but doe you not thinke a repreeve might be gotten for halfe a ſcore, and twere but five yeare, I would not care, an able woman (me thinks) were to be pitied.

Clo. I to be pitied, but not help'd, no hope of that, for indeed women have ſo blemiſhd their own reputations now a dayes, that it is thought the Law will meet them at fifty very ſhortly.

Wife. Marry the Heavens forbid.

Clo. Theres ſo many of you that when you are old become Witches, ſome profeſſe Phyſick, and kill good ſubjects faſter then a burning Feavour; and then Schoolemiſtreſſes of the ſweet ſinne, which commonly we call Bawds innumerable of that ſort: for theſe and ſuch cauſes tis thought they ſhall not live above fifty.

Wife. I man but this hurts not the good old women.

Clo. I faith you are ſo like one another, that a man cannot diſtinguiſh 'em now; were I an old woman I would deſire to goe before my time, and offer my ſelfe willingly, 2. or 3. yeares before; oh thoſe are brave women and worthy to bee commended of all men in the world that when their Husbands die they run to bee burnt to death with em, theres honor and credit, give mee halfe a dozen ſuch wives.

Wife. I if her Husband were dead before, 'twere a reaſonable requeſt, if you were dead I could be content to be ſo.

Clo. Fie, thats not likely, for thou hadſt two husbands before me.

Wife. Thou wouldſt not have me die; would'ſt thou husband?

Clo. No I do not ſpeake to that purpoſe, but I ſay what credit it were for mee and thee, if thou wouldſt, then thou ſhouldſt never bee ſuſpected for a Witch, a Phyſitian, a Bawd, or any of thoſe things, and then how daintily ſhould I mourne for thee, how brave-

ie ſhould I ſee thee buried, when alas if hee goes before it cannot chooſe but bee a great griefe to him to thinke hee has not ſeene his wife well buried, there be ſuch vertuous women in the world, but too few, too few who deſire to die 7. yeares before their time with all their hearts.

Wife. I have not the heart to be of that mind, but indeed Husband I think you would have me gone.

Clo. No alas I ſpeake but for your good and your credit, for when a woman may die quickly, why ſhould ſhee goe to Law for her Death, alaek I neede not wiſh thee gone, for thou haſt but a ſhort time to ſtay with me, you do not know how neare tis, it muſt out, you have but a month to live by the Law.

Wife. Out alas.

Clo. Nay ſcarce ſo much.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh, my heart! *Swoons.*

Clo. I ſo, if thou wouldſt go away quietly twere ſweetly done, and like a kind wife, lie but a little longer and the bell ſhall towle for thee.

Wife. Oh my hart, but a month to live.

Clo. Alas why wouldſt thou come back agen for a month, i'le throw her downe agen, oh woman tis not three weeks, I thinke a fortnight is the moſt.

Wife. Nay then I am gone allready. *Swoons.*

Clo. I would make haſt to the Sexton now, but I'me afraid the towling of the Bell will wake her agen; if ſhe be ſo wiſe as to goe now, ſhe ſtirs agen, ther's two lives of the nine gone.

Wife. Oh wouldſt not thou helpe to recover mee husband?

Clo. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy noſe, or box thy cheeks, it goes againſt my conſcience.

Wife. I will not be thus frighted to my Death,
I'le ſearch the Church Record a fortnight
Tis too little of conſcience, I cannot be ſo neare,
Oh time if thou beeſt kind lend me but a yeare. *Exit.*

Clo. What a ſpites this, that a man cannot perſwade his wife to dye in any time with her good will, I have another beſpoke already, though a peece of old beefe will ſerve to breakfaſt, yet a man would be glad of a Chicken to ſupper; the Clarke I hope underſtands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what hee hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough: tis but a month

at moſt, if that were gon
My venter comes in with her two for one,
Tis uſe enough a conſcience for a brother if he had a conſcience. Exit.

Enter Eugenia *at one Dore*, Simonides, Courtiers *at the other.*

Eug. Gentlemen Courtiers.

1. *Cour.* All your ſervants vowd Lady.
Oh I ſhall kill my ſelfe with infinite laughter!
Will no body take my part?

Sim. An't be a laughing buſineſſe
Put it to me, i'me one of the beſt in Europe.
My father died laſt to'o, I have the moſt cauſe.

Eug You ha pickd out ſuch a time ſweet Gentlemen
To make your ſpleen a banquet.

Sim. Oh the jeſt Lady!
I have a jaw ſtands ready for't, I'e gape,
Halfe way and meet it.

Eug. My old Husband
That cannot ſay his prayers out for Jealoſie
And madneſſe, at your comming firſt to woe me.

Sim Well ſayd.

1. *Cour.* Go on.

2. *Cour.* On, on.

Eug. Takes Counſell with the ſecrets of all art
To make himſelfe youthfull agen.

Sim How youthfull, ha, ha, ha.

Eug. A man of forty five he would faine ſeeme to be.
Or ſcarce ſo much if he might have his will indeed.

Sim. I but his white haires theyl betray his hoarineſſe.

Eug Why there you are wide, hees not the man you take him for,
Nay will you know him when you ſee him agen,
There will be five to one layd upon that.

1. *Cour.* How?

Eug Nay you did well to laugh faintly there,
I promiſe you I think he'l out live me now,
And deceive Law and all.

Sim. Marry gowt forbid.

Eug. You little think he was at Fencing Schoole
At foure a Clock this Morning.

Sim. How at Fencing Schoole?

Eug. Elſe give no truſt to woman.
Sim. By this light
I doe not like him then, hees like to live
Longer then I, for he may kill me firſt now.
Eug. His dancer now came in as I met you.
1. *Cour.* His dancer too.
Eug. They obſerve turnes and houres with him,
The great French rider will be heere at ten
With his Curvetting Horſe.
2. *Cour.* Theſe notwithſtanding.
His haire and wrincles will betray his age.
Eug. I'me ſure his Head and Beard as he has orderd it
Looks not paſt fifty now heel bringe to forty
Within theſe four dayes for 9 times an hour at leaſt
He takes a Black Lead Combe and kembs it over.
Three quarters of his Beard is under fifty,
Thers but a little tuft of fourſcore left *Enter* Liſander.
All of one ſide which will be black by Munday,
And to approve my truth ſee where he coms?
Laugh ſoftly gentlemen, and looke upon him.
Sim. Now by this hand hees almoſt black ith mouth indeed.
1. *Cour.* He ſhould die ſhortly then.
Sim. Marry me thinks he dies too faſt already,
For he was all white but a weeke agoe.
1. *Cour.* Oh this ſame cunny white takes an excellent black,
Too ſoone a miſchiefe ont.
2. *Cour.* He will beguild us all
If that little tuft Northward turne black too.
Eug. Nay ſir I wonder tis ſo long a turning.
Sim. May be ſome Fairies child held forth at midnight
Has piſt upon that ſide.
1. *Cour.* Is this the Beard?
Lil Ah ſirrah my yong boyes I ſhall be for you,
This little mangie tuft takes up more time
Then all the Beard beſide, come you a wooing
And I alive and luſty? you ſhall find
An alteration, Jack boyes I have a Spirit yet,
And I could match my haire too't, theres the fault,
And can doe offices of youth yet lightly.

At

At leaſt I will doe though it paine me a little
Shall not a man for a little fooliſh age
Enjoy his Wife to himſelfe, muſt yong Court tits
Play tomboyes tricks with her, and he live, ha?
I have blood that will not beare, yet I confeſſe
I ſhould be at my prayers, but wheres the Dancer there. *Ent.* Dan
Dan. Heere ſir.
Liſ. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I ſhall ſoone recover all agen. (tlemen
Eng. Slight and you laugh too loud, we are all diſcoverd Gen-
Sim. And I have a ſcurvy ginny laugh a mine own,
Will ſpoyle all i'me afraid.
Eng. Marry take heed ſir.
Sim. Nay and I ſhould bee hangd I can't leave it, pup. there tis.
Eng Peace oh peace!
Liſ. Come I am ready ſir.
I heare the Church Bookes loſt where I was borne to,
And that ſhall ſet me back one and twenty years
There is no little comfort left in that,
And my three Court Codlings that looke parboyld,
As if they came from Cupids ſcalding houſe.
Sim He meanes me ſpecially I hold my life.
Danc. What trick will your old Worſhip learn this morning ſir?
Liſ. Marry a trick if thou couldſt teach a man
To keepe his Wife to himſelfe, i'de faine learn that.
Danc. Thats a hard trick for an old man ſpecially
The Horſe trick comes the neareſt.
Liſ. Thou ſayſt true, I faith
They muſt be horſt indeed, elſe theres no keeping on em
And horſe play at fourſcore is not ſo ready.
Danc. Look you heers your Worſhips horſe trick ſir.
Liſ. Nay ſay not ſo,
Tis none of mine I fall down horſe and man,
If I but offer at it.
Danc. My life for yours ſir.
Liſ. Saiſt thou me ſo.
Danc. Well offerd by my Violl ſir.
Liſ. A Pox of this horſe trick, t'as playd the jade with me
And given me a wrinch ith back.

Danc.

Danc. Now heeres your incurne, and your trick above ground.
Lif. Prithee no more, unleſſe thou haſt a mind
To lay me underground, one of theſe tricks
Enough in a morning.
Danc. For your Gallard ſir
You are compleat enough, I and may challenge
The proudeſt Coxcombe of em all, i'le ſtand too't.
Lif. Faith and I've other weapons for the reſt too,
Have prepard for em, if ere I take
My Gregories heere agen.
Sim. Oh I ſhall burſt, I can hold out no longer.
Eug. Hee ſpoyles all.
Lif. The Divell and his grinners are you come.
Bring forth the weapons we ſhall find you play,
All feats of youth to Jack Boyes, feats of youth,
And theſe the wapons, drinking, fencing, dancing,
Your owne roade waies you Gliſterpipes, I me old you ſay
Yes parlous old Kidds and you mark me well,
This Beard cannot get Children, you lank ſuck eggs,
Unleſſe ſuch Weezels come from Court to help us
We will get our owne bratts, you lecherous dogbolts *Enter with*
Wel ſaid down with 'em now we ſhall ſee your ſpirits *Glaſſes.*
What dwindle you already?
2. *Cour.* I have no quallity.
Sim. Nor I, unleſſe drinking may be reckned
For one.
1. *Cour.* Why *Sim* it ſhall.
Lif. Come dare you chuſe your weapon now.
1. *Cour.* I dancing ſir and you will be ſo haſty.
Lif. We're for you ſir.
2. *Cour.* Fencing I.
Lif. Weel anſwer you to.
Sim. I'me for drinking your wet weapon there.
Lif. That wet one has coſt many a princox life
And I will ſend it through you with a powder.
Sim. Let come with a Pox, I care not ſo't be drink,
I hope my guts will hold, and that's een all
A Gentleman can looke for of ſuch trillibubs.
Lif. Play the firſt weapon, come ſtrike, ſtrike I ſay

Yes

Yes, yes, you ſhall be firſt, Ile obſerve Court Rules *A* Gamard La-
Alwayes the worſt goes foremoſt, ſo twill prove I hope miniard
So ſir, y'ave ſpit your poyſon, now come I,
Now forty years ago backward and aſſiſt me
Fall from me halfe my age but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick, I will put faire fort
Although I hazzard twenty Sciaticaes
So I have hit you.

1. *Cour.* Y'ave done well I faith ſir,

Liſ. If you confeſſe it well tis excellent
And I have bit you ſoundly, I am warme now,
The ſecond weapon inſtantly. (breathing time?

2. *Cour.* What ſo quick ſir, will you not allow your ſelfe a

Liſ. Ive breath enough at all times, *Lucifers* Musk cod,
To give your perfumd worſhip 3. Vennies,
A ſound old man puts his thruſt better home
Then a ſpic'd young man, there I.

2. *Cour.* Then have at you fourſcore.

Liſ. You lie twenty I hope, and you ſhall find it.

Sim. I'me glad I miſt this weapon, I had an eye
Popd out ere this time, or my two butter teeth
Thruſt down my throat inſtead of a flap draggon.

Liſ. Theres two, peptwizle.

Dane. Excellently touch'd ſir.

2. *Cour.* Had ever man ſuch luck, ſpeak your opinion gentlemen?

Sim. Me thinks your lucks good that your eyes are in ſtil,
Mine would have drop'd out like a pigs halfe roaſted.

Liſ. There wants a third
and there tis agen.

2. *Cour.* The Divel has ſteeld him.

Eug. What a ſtrong fiend is Jelouſie?

Liſ. Your diſpatchd beare whelp.

Sim. Now comes my weapon in.

Liſ. Heere toad ſtoole, heere.
Tis with you and I muſt play theſe 3. wet Vennies.

Sim. Vennis is Venice Glaſſes, let em come
Theyl bruiſe no fleſh Ime ſure, nor break no bones.

2. *Cour.* Yet you may drink your eyes out ſir.

Sim. I but thats nothing then they goe voluntarily, I doe not

Love to have em thruſt out whether they will or no.
Liſ. Heeres your firſt weapon ducks meat.
Sim. How, a dutch what you call em,
Stand of a German falchion, a ſhrewd weapon,
And of all things, hard to be taken downe,
Yet downe it muſt, I have a noſe goes in toot
I ſhall drinke double I think.
1. *Cour.* The ſooner off *Sim.*
Liſ. Ile pay you ſpeedily ——— with a trick
I learnt once amongſt drunkards, heeres halfe pike.
Sim. Halfe pike comes well, after Dutch what you call em,
They'd never be a ſunder by their good will.
1. *Cour.* Well pull'd of an old fellow.
Liſ. Oh but your fellowes
Pull better at a rope.
1 *Cour.* Theres a haire *Sim.*
In that Glaſſe.
Sim. And be as long as a halter downe it goes
No haire ſhall croſſe me.
Liſ. I make you ſtinke worſe then your Polecats doe.
Heeres long ſword your laſt weapon.
Sim. No more weapons.
1. *Cour.* Why how now *Sim* beare up, thou ſhamſt us all elſe.
Sim. Light I ſhall ſhame you worſe and I ſtay longer.
I ha got the Scotony in my head already,
The whimzy, you all turne round, do not you dance gallants.
2. *Cour.* Piſh whats all this? why *Sim* look the laſt Venny
Sim. No more Vennies goes down heere, for theſe 2. are comming
2. *Cour.* Out The diſgrace of drinkers. (up again,
Sim. Yes twill out,
Doe you ſmell nothing yet?
1. *Cour.* Smell.
Sim. Farwell quickly then it will do if I ſtay. *Exit.*
1. *Cour.* A Foyle go with thee.
Liſe. What ſhall we put downe youth at her owne vertues?
Beat folly in her owne ground wondrous much
Why may not we be held as full ſufficient
To love our owne wives, then get our owne children
And live in free peace till we be diſſolved?

For

For such spring Butterflies that are gawdie wingd,
But no more substance then these Shamble flies
Which Butchers boyes snap betweene sleepe and waking;
Come but to crush you once you are all but maggots,
For all your beamy out sides. *Enter* Cleanthes
Eug. Heeres *Cleanthes*,
He comes to chide let him alone a little,
Our cause will be reveng'd, look, look his face
Is set for stormy weather, do but marke
How the Clouds gather in't, 'twil powre downe straight.
Clean. Me thinks I partly know you, thats my griefe
Could you not all be lost that had beene handsome,
But to be known at all tis more then shamefull,
Why was not your name wont to be *Lisander*?
Lis. Tis so still coze.
Clean. Judgement defer thy comming, else this mans miserable.
Eug. I told you there would be a showre anon.
2. *Cour.* Weel in and hide our noddles. *Exeunt* Courtiers & Eugenia.
Clean. What Divel brought this colour to your mind,
Which since your childhood I neare saw you weare,
You were ever of an innocent gloss
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it
And change the Livery of Saints and Angels
For this mixt monstrousnes, to force a ground
That has been so long hallowed like a Temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now, and turn black
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of Sin in act, lost and long since repented;
Would you begin a work nere yet attempted;
To pul time backward?
See what your wife wil do, are your wits perfect?
Lis. My witts.
Clean. I like it ten times worse for t'ad been safer
Now to be mad, and more excusable.
I heare you dance agen and do strange follies.
Lis. I must confesse I have been put to some coze.
Clean. And yet you are not mad, pray say not so
Give me that comfort of you that you are mad
That I may think you are at worst, for if

You are not mad, I then muſt gueſſe you have
The firſt of ſome Diſeaſe was never heard of,
Which may be worſe then madneſs, and more fearfull,
Youd weep to ſee your ſelfe elſe, and your care
To pray wou'd quickly turne you white agen.
I had a father had he liv'd his month out
But to ha ſeen this moſt prodigious folly,
There needed not the Law to have cut him off:
The ſight of this had prov'd his executioner, and broke his heart,
He would have held it equall
Done to a Sanctuary, for what is age
But the holy place of life, Chapel of eaſe
For all mens wearied miſeries, and to rob
That of her Ornament, it is accurſt,
As from a Prieſt to ſteale a holy Veſtment,
And convert it to a ſinfull covering. *Exit* Liſander.
I ſee ta's done him good, bleſſing go with it, *Enter* Eugenia.
Such as may make him pure agen.

Eug. Twas bravely touch'd I faith ſir.

Clean. Oh y'are welcome.

Eug. Exceedingly well handled.

Clean. Tis to you I come, he fell but i'my way.

Eug. You markd his beard Coſen.

Clean. Mark me.

Eug. Did you ever ſee a haire ſo changd?

Clean. I muſt be forced to wake her lowdly to,
The Divel has rock'd her ſo faſt aſleep, Strumpet.

Eug. Do you call ſir?

Clean. Whore.

Eug. How doe you ſir?

Clean. Be I here ſo well
I muſt be ſick of thee, th'art a Diſeaſe
That ſtickeſt t'oth heart, as all ſuch women are.

Eug. What ailes our kindred?

Clean. Bleſſe me ſhe ſleeps ſtill, what a dead modeſty is i'this woman?
Will never bluſh agen, look on thy work,
But with a Chriſtian eye, 'twou'd turn thy heart
Into a ſhowre of blood to be the cauſe
Of that old mans deſtruction, think upon

Ruine

Ruine eternally, for through thy looſe follies
Heaven has found him a faint ſervant lately,
His goodneſs has gone backward, and ingendred
With his old ſins again, has loſt his prayers
And all the tears that were companions with em
And like a blind fold man, giddy and blinded
Thinking he goes right on ſtill, ſwerves but one foot
And turnes to the ſame place where he ſet out,
So he that tooke his farwell of the world
And caſt the joyes behind him out of ſight,
Sum'd up his houres, made even with time and men
Is now in heart arriv'd at youth agen;
All by thy wildneſs thy too haſty luſt
Has driven him to this ſtrong apoſtacy,
Immodeſty like thine was never equald
Ive heard of women, (ſhall I call em ſo)
Have welcomd ſuitors ere the Corps were cold,
But thou thy Husband living, thou art too bold.

Eug. Well have you done now ſir?

Clean. Look, look ſhe ſmiles yet.

Eug. All this is nothing to a mind reſolvd,
Ask any woman that, ſhee'l tell you ſo much
You have only ſhowne a pretty ſawcy wit,
Which I ſhal not forget nor to requite it,
You ſhal heare from me ſhortly:

Clean. Shameleſſe woman,
I take my counſel from thee tis too honeſt
And leave thee wholly to thy ſtronger maſter,
Beſſe the ſex of thee from thee, thats my Prayer
Were all like thee ſo impudently common,
No man would be found to wed a woman. *Exit.*

Eug. Ile fit you gloriouſly hee that attempts to take away my (pleaſure,
Ile take away his joy, and I can ſure
His conceald father prayes for't, ile een tel.
Him that I meane to make my husband next *Enter* Simonides
And he ſhall tel the Duke, — Maſſe heere he comes.

Sim. Has had about with me too.

Eug. What no? ſince ſir.

Sim. A flurt, a little flurt, he cald me ſtrange names

But I neare minded him.

Eug. You ſhall quit him ſir when he as little minds you.

Sim. I like that wel.

I love to be reveng'd when no one thinks of me.

Theres little danger that way.

Eug. This is it then

He you ſhall ſtrike your ſtroke ſhal be profound,

And yet your toe not gueſſe who gave the wound.

Sim. A my troath I love to give ſuch wounds. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

Act. IV. Scen. I.

Enter Clowne, Butler, Bayliff, Taylor, Cooke, Drawer, Wench.

Draw. WElcome Gentlemen, will you not draw neere, will you drinke at Dore Gentlemen?

But. On the Summer Ayres beſt!

Draw. What Wine will pleaſe you drink Gentlemen?

But. Declare ſirrah.

Clo What y'are all ſped already bullies?

Cook. My Widdowes ath ſpitt and halfe ready lad, a turne or too more and I have done with her.

Clo. Then Cooke I hope you have baſted her before this time.

Cook. And ſtuck her with Roſemary too, to ſweeten her, ſhe was tainted ere ſhe came to my hands what an old peece of fleſh of fifty nine eleaven months and upwards, ſhe muſt needs be fly-blown.

Clo. Put her off put her off, tho you loſe by her, the weathers hot.

Cook. Why Drawer? *Enter* Drawer.

Draw. By and by, heere gentlemen, heeres the quinteſſence of Greece, the Sages never drunck better Grape.

Cook. Sir the mad Greeks of this age can taſte their Palermo aſwell

aſwell as the ſage Greeks did before em, fill lick ſpiggot.

Draw. Ad imum ſir.

Clo. My friends I muſt doubly invite you all the fifth of the next month, to the funerall of my firſt wife, and to the marriage of my ſecond, my two to one this is ſhe.

Cook. I hope ſome of us wil bee ready for the funeral of our Wives by that time, to goe with thee, but ſhal they bee both of a day?

Clo. Oh beſt of al ſir, where ſorrow and joy meet together, one wil help away with another the better, beſides there wil bee charges ſav'd too, the ſame Roſemary that ſerves for the Funeral, wil ſerve for the Wedding.

But. How long do you make account to be a Widdower ſir?

Clo. Some halfe an houre, long enough a conſcience. Come, come, lets have ſome agillity, is there no Muſick in the houſe?

Draw. Yes ſir, heere are ſweet wire drawers in the howſe.

Cook. Oh that makes them and you ſeldome part, you are wine drawers, and they wyer drawers.

Tay. And both govern by the pegs too.

Clo. And you have pipes in your conſort too.

Draw. And Sack-buts too ſir.

But. But the Heads of your Inſtruments differ, yours are Hogs-heads their Cittern and Gittern Heads.

Tay. All wooden heads there they meet agen.

Cook. Bid em ſtrike up, weel have a Dance, *Gnotbees* come thou ſhalt tooke it too.

Clo. No dancing with me, we have *Siren* heere.

Cook. *Siren*, t'was *Hiren* the faire Greek man.

Clo. Five Drachmes of that, I ſay *Siren* the fair Greek, and ſo are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match, five Drachmes her name was *Hiren*.

Clo. *Sirens* name was *Siren* for 5. Drachmaes.

Cook. Tis done.

Tay. Take heed what you do *Gnotbees*.

Clo. Doe not I know our own Country women *Siren* and *Nell* of Greece, two of the faireſt greeks that ever were.

Cook. That *Nel* was *Hellen* of Greece too.

Clo. As long as ſhee tarried with her Husband ſhee was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to *Troy* ſhee was *Nel* of *Troy*, or Bonny *Nell* whether

Whether you will or no.

Tay. Why did she grow shorer when she came to Troy?

Clo. She grew longer if you marke the story, when shee grew to be an ell shee was deeper then any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter: there was *Cressid* was Troy waight, and *Nell* was haberdepoyse, she held more by fowre ounces then *Cresida*.

Bay. They say she causd many wounds to be given in Troy.

Clo True, she was wounded there her selfe, and cured againe by Plaster of Paris, and ever since that has beene usd to stop holes with. *Enter* Drawer.

Draw Gentlemen if you be dispoſed to bee merry, the Musick is ready to strike up, and heeres a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they bee men or women, or betweene both, they have what you call em vizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards goodman lickspiggot.

But. If they be wise women they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of Gentlemen good fellowes for a straine or too. *Old women.*

Cook. Weel strain our selves with em say, let em come *Gnothoes*: now for the honour of *Epire*. *Dance.*

She dancing with me, we have *Siren* heere.

The Dance of old women masht, then offer to take the men, they agree all but Gnothoes: *he sits with his Wench after they whisper.*

Cook. I so kind then every one his Wench to his severall room: *Gnothoes* we are all provided now as you are *Exeunt* each with

Clo. I shall have two it seemes away I have his wife *manet*

Siren heere already *Gnothoes* wife unmaske.

Wife. What a Mermaid?

Clo. No but a maid horse face, oh old woman is it you?

Wife. Yes tis I, all the rest have guld themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more then they can well answer, but I pray you,

Husband what are you doing?

Clo. Faith thus should I do if thou weart dead, old Ag. and thou hast not long to live I me sure, we have *Siren* heere.

Wife. Art thou so shamelesse whilst I am living to keepe one under my nose.

Clo. Noe Ag I doe prize her fat above thy nose, if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, ile not leave her, art not

not aſhamd to bee ſeene in a Tavern, and haſt ſcarce a fortnight to live, oh old woman what art thou, muſt thou find no time to think of thy end?

Wife. Oh unkind villaine.

Clo. And then ſweet heart thou ſhalt have two new gownes, and the beſt of this old old womans ſhall make thee rayments for the working dayes.

Wife. Oh raſcall doſt thou quarter my clothes already too.

Clo. Her ruffs will ſerve thee for nothing but to waſh diſhes, for thou ſhalt have nine of the new faſhion.

Wife. Impudent villaine, ſhameleſſe harlot.

Clo. You may heare ſhe never wore any but railes al herlife time

Wife. Let me come i'le teare the ſtrumpet from him.

Clo. Darſt thou call my wife ſtrumpet, thou preterpluperfect tence of a woman, i'le make thee do penance in the ſheet thou ſhalt be buried in, abuſe my choice, my two to one.

Wife. No unkind villaine i'le deceave thee yet,
I have a repreeve for five years of life,
I am with child.

Wench. Cud ſo *Gnotbees* ile not tarry ſo long, five yeares, I may bury two husbands by that time.

Clo. Alas give the poore woman leave to talke, ſhe with child, I with a puppy, as long as I have thee by me, ſhe ſhall not bee with child I warrant thee.

Wife. The Law and thou and all ſhall find I am with child.

Clo. i'le take my corporall oath I begat it not, and then thou dieſt for adultery.

Wife. No matter that will aske ſome time in the proofe.

Clo. Oh you'd bee ſtond to death would you, all old women would die a that faſhion with all their hearts, but the Law ſhall overthrow you, the tother way firſt.

Wench. Indeed if it be ſo, I will not linger ſo long *Gnotbees.*

Clo. Away, away, ſome botcher has got it, tis but a chuſhion I warrant thee, the old woman is loath to depart, ſhe never ſung other tune in her life.

Wench. Wee will not have our noſes board with a chuſhion if it be ſo.

Clo. Go, go thy wayes thou old Almanack, at the 28. day of December een almoſt out of date, down on thy knees, and make

thee ready, [illegible]e of thy clothes to buy thee a Deaths head, and put upon thy middle finger, your least considering Bawds doe so much; be not thou worse though thou art an old woman as she is, I am cloyd with old stock fish, heers a yong perch is sweeter meat by halfe, prithee die before thy day if thou canst, that thou maist not be counted a witch.

Wife. No, thou art a witch and i'le prove it, I said I was with child, thou knewst no other but by sorcery, thou saidst it was a cushion and so it is, thou art a witch fort, i'le be sworne too't.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, I told thee twas a chushion, go get thy sheet ready, wee'l see thee buried as we go to Church to be married. *Ex.*

Wife. Nay i'le follow thee, and shew my selfe a wife, i'le plague thee as long as I live with thee, and i'le bury some money before I die that my ghost may hant thee afterward. *Exit.*

Enter Cleanthes.

Clean. Whats that? oh nothing but the whispering wind,
Breaths through you churlish hathorne that grew rude
As if it chid the gentle breath that kist it,
I cannot be too circumspect, too carefull
For in these woods lies hid all my lives treasure,
Which is too much ever to feare to lose.

Hip. Though it be never lost, and if our watchfulnes
Ought to be wise and serious against a thiefe
That comes to steale our goods, things all without us,
That proves vexation often more then comfort,
How mighty ought our providence to be
To prevent those? if any such there were
That come to rob our bosome of our joyes,
That only makes poore man delight to live:
Psha, i'me too fearful fie, fie, who can hurt me?
But tis a general cowardice that shakes,
The nerves of confidence, he that hides treasure
Imagins every one thinks of that place
When tis a thing least minded, nay let him change
The place continually where ere it keeps,
There wil the feare keepe still, yonders the store house *Enter*
Of all my comfort now, and see it sends forth Hippolita.
A deere one, to me, pretious chiefe of women,
How does the good old soule, has he fed wel?

Hip.

Hip. Be ſhrew me ſir he made the heartieſt meale to day
Much good may't do his health.
Clean. A bleſſing on thee,
Both for thy newes and wiſh.
Hip. His ſtomick ſir
Is betterd wondrouſly ſince his concealment.
Clean. Heaven has a bleſſed work int, come wee'r ſafe heere
I preethee call him forth, the ayres much wholeſomer.
Hip. Father,
How ſweetly ſounds the voyce of a good woman? *Ent.* Leonides.
It is ſo ſeldome heard that when it ſpeaks
It raviſhes all ſences.
Clean. Liſts of honor,
Ive a joy weeps to ſee you, tis ſo full
So fairely fruitfull,
I hope to ſee you often and returne,
Loaden with bleſſings, ſtill to powre on ſome;
I find em all in my contented peace,
And loſe not one in thouſands, th'are diſperſt
So glorioufly I know not which are brighteſt,
I finde em as Angels are found by legions;
Firſt in the love and honeſty of a wife,
Which is the firſt and chieteſt of all temporall bleſſings,
Next in your ſelfe, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affaires, my wiſhes,
And laſtly which crownes all, I find my ſoul
Crown'd with the peace of em, th'eternall riches
Mans only portion, for his heavenly marriage.
Leo. Riſe thou art all obedience, love and goodneſs,
I dare ſay that which thouſand fathers cannot.
And thats my pretious comfort, never ſon
Was in the way more of celeſtiall riſing,
Thou art ſo made of ſuch aſcending vertue
That all the powrs of hel cannot ſinke thee. *A Horne.*
Clean. Ha.
Leo. What waſt diſturbd my joy?
Clean Did you not heare,
As a far off?
Leo. What my excellent conſort. *Clean.* Nor you.

Hip I heard a —— *A Horne.*
Clean. Harke agen.
Leo. Bleſſe my joy,
What ailes it on a ſudden?
Clean. Now ſince lately.
Leo. Tis nothing but a ſymptome of thy care man.
Clean. Alas you do not heare well.
Leo. What waſt daughter?
Hip. I heard a ſound twice. *A Horne.*
Clean. Hark, lowder and nearer:
In for the precious good of virtue, quick ſir.
Lowder and nearer yet, at hand at hand;
A hunting heere tis ſtrange, I never
Knew game followed in theſe woods before.
Enter Duke, Simonides, Courtiers, *and* Executioner.
Hip. Now let em come and ſpare not.
Clean. Ha, tis, iſt not the Duke, look ſparingly?
Hip. Tis he, but what of that, alas take heed ſir,
Your care will overthrow us.
Clean. Come, it ſhall not,
Lets ſet a pleaſant face upon our feares,
Though our hearts ſhake with horror, ha, ha, ha.
Duke. Harke.
Clean. Prithee proceed,
Ime taken with theſe light things infinitely,
Since the old mans deceaſe; ha ſo they parted, ha, ha. ha.
Duk. Why how ſhould I beleeve this, look, hees merrry
As if he had no ſuch charge? one with that care
Could never be ſo ſtill, he holds his temper,
And tis the ſame ſtill with no difference
He brought his fathers Corps to'th grave with,
He laught thus then you know.
1. Cour. I, he may laugh my Lord;
That ſhowes but how he glories in his cunning,
And perhaps done more to advance his wit,
Then to expreſſe affection to his father,
That onely he has over reach'd the Law.
Sim. He tels you right, my Lord, his owne Coſen germin
Reveald it firſt to me, a free tongu'd woman,

And

And very excellent at telling ſecrets.

Duk. If a contempt can be ſo neatly carried,
It gives me cauſe of wonder.

Sim. Troath my Lord,
Twill prove a delicat coſoning, I believe:
I'de have no Scrivener offer to come neere it.

Duk. Cleanthes.

Clean. My lov'd Lord.

Duk. Not mov'd a whit,
Conſtant to lightning ſtill, tis ſtrange to meet you
Upon a ground ſo unfrequented ſir:
This does not fit your paſſion, your for mirth
Or I miſtake you much.

Clean. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For any thing too much is vitious;
I come to theſe diſconſolate walkes, of purpoſe
Onely to dul and take away the edge ont.
I ever had a greater zeale to ſadneſſe,
A naturall proportion, I confeſſe my Lord
Before that cheerful accident fel out,
If I may call a fathers funeral cheerful
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Duk. It ſeemes then you take pleaſure i'theſe walks ſir.

Clean. Contemplative content I do my Lord
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So ſweetly pretious, that in the parting
I find a ſhowre of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave ſo feelingly.

Duk. So ſir.

Clean. Which is a kind of grave delight my Lord.

Duk. And i've ſmall cauſe *Cleanthes* t'afford you
The leaſt delight that has a name.

Clean. My Lord.

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

1. *Cour.* Peace thou art ſo greedy *Sim.*

Duk. In your exceſſe of joy you have expreſt
Your rancor and contempt againſt my Law:
Your ſmiles deſerve fining, y'ave profeſt
Deriſion openly een to my face,

Which might be death a little more incenſd
You do not come for any freedome heere
But for a project of your own,
But all thats knowne to be contentfull to thee,
Shall in the uſe prove deadly, your lifes mine
If ever thy preſumption do but lead thee
Into theſe walkes agen, for that woman,
I'le have em watchd a purpoſe.

1. *Cour.* Now now, his colour ebbs and flowes.

Sim. Marke hers too.

Hip. Oh who ſhall bring food to the poor old man now,
Speak ſomwhat good ſir or wee'r loſt for ever?

Clean. Oh you did wondrous ill to call me agen,
There are not words to help us if I intreat
Tis found, that will betray us worſe then ſilence
Prithee let Heaven alone, and lets ſay nothing.

1. *Cour.* Y'av ſtruck em dumb my Lord.

Sim. Look how guilt looks.
I would not have that feare upon my fleſh
To ſave ten fathers.

Clean. He is ſafe ſtill, is he not?

Hip. Oh you do ill to doubt it.

Clean. Thou'art all goodneſſe.

Sim. Now does your grace believe?

Duke. Tis too apparent
Search, make a ſpeedy ſearch, for the impoſture
Cannot be far off by the feare it ſends.

Clean. Ha.

Sim. Has the Lapwings cunning, i'me afraid my Lord
That cries moſt when ſhees fartheſt from the neſt.

Clean. Oh wee'r betrayd.

Hip. Betrayd ſir.

Sim. See my Lord.
It comes out more and more ſtill. *Exeunt* Courtiers & Sim.

Clean. Bloody theeſe,
Come from that place, tis ſacred-homicide,
Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

Hip. Oh miſerable vertue, what diſtreſſe art thou in at this mi-
Clean. Help me thunder (nute?

Is my powers loſt, Angels ſhoot plagues and help me:
Why are theſe men in health and I ſo heare ſick?
Or why ſhould nature have that power in me
To leavy up a thouſand bleeding ſorrowes
And not one comfort, onely makes me lie
Like the poore mockery of an Earthquake heere?
Panting with horror, and have not ſo much force in all my vengeance.
To ſhake a villain off a mee.

Enter Courtiers Simonides, Leonides.

Hip. Uſe him gently and Heaven will love you fort.

Clean. Father, oh Father now I ſee thee full
In thy affection, thou'rt a man of ſorrow
But reverently becomſt it, that's my comfort,
Extremity was never better grac'd
Then with that looke of thine, oh let me look ſtill
For I ſhall loſe it, all my joy and ſtrength
Is een Eccliſ'd together, I tranſgreſt
Your Law my Lord, let me receive the ſting ont
Be once juſt ſir, and let the offender die
Hees innocent in all, and I am guilty.

Leo. Your grace knowes when affection only ſpeaks
Truth is not alwaies there, his love would draw
An undeſerv'd miſery on his youth,
And wrong a peace reſolv'd, on both parts ſinfull;
Tis, I am guilty of my owne concealment
And like a worldly coward injurd heaven
With feare to go toot, now I ſee my fault,
And am prepard with joy to ſuffer fort.

Duke. Go give him quick diſpatch, let him ſee death
And your preſumption ſir ſhall come to judgement. *Exeunt with* Leonides.

Hip. Hees going, oh hees gon ſir.

Clean. Let me riſe.

Hip. Why doe you not then, and follow?

Clean. I ſtrive fort
Is their no hand of pitty that will eaſe me
And take this villaine from my heart a while?

Hip. Alas hees gone.

Clean. A worſe ſupplies his place then,
A weight more pondrous, I cannot follow.

Hip.

Hip. Oh misery of affliction.
Clean. They will stay
Till I can come, they must be so good ever
Though they be here so cruell,
My last leave must be taken think a that;
And this last blessing given, I will not lose
That for a thousand consorts.
Hip. That hopes wretched.
Clean. The inutterable stings of fortune,
All greefs are to be borne, save this alone;
This like a headlong torrent over turnes the frame of nature,
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his naturall sufferings in our blood, to
The sorrows that he feels, are our heads,
They are incorporate to us.
Hip. Noble sir.
Clean. Let me behold him well.
Hip. Sir.
Clean. Thou shouldst be good,
Or tho'art a dangerous substance to be lodgd
So near the heart of man.
Hip. What means this, deere sir?
Clean. To thy trust onely was this blessed secret
Kindly committed, tis destroy'd, thou seest
What followes to be thought ont.
Hip. Miserable;
Why heers th'unhappinesse of woman still,
That having forfeited in old times their trust
Now makes their faiths suspected that are just.
Enter Eugenia.
Clean. What shal I say to all my sorrowes then,
That looke for satisfaction?
Eug. Ha, ha, ha, Cozen
Clean. How ill dost thou become this time?
Eng. Ha. ha, ha.
Why thats but your opinion, a yong wench
Becomes the time at all times.
Eug. Now coze wee'r even, and you be remembred
You left a Strumpet and a whore at home with me,
And such fine field bed words, which could not cost you
Lesse then a father. *Clean.* Is it come that way?
Eng.

Eug. Had you an Uncle
He ſhould goe the ſame way too.
Clean. Oh eternity
What monſter is this feind in labour with?
Eug. An aſſe Coult with two heads, thats ſhe and you:
I will not loſe ſo glorious a revenge,
Not to be underſtood int: I betray him,
And now wee'r even, y'ad beſt keepe you ſo.
Clean. Is there not poyſon yet enough to kill me?
Hip. Oh ſir, forgive me, it was I betrayd him.
Clean. How?
Hip. I.
Clean. The fellow of my heart twill ſpeed me then.
Hip. Her tears that never wept, and mine owne pitty
Een cozend me together; and ſtole from me
This ſecret, which fierce death ſhould not have purchaſt.
Clean. Nay then wee'r at an end, all we are falſe ones,
And ought to ſuffer, I was falſe to wiſdome
In truſting woman, thou wert falſe to faith
In uttering of the ſecret, and thou falſe
To goodneſſe in deceaving ſuch a pitty:
We are all tainted ſome way but thou worſt,
And for thy infectious ſpots ought to die firſt.
Eug. Pray turne your weapon ſir upon your Miſtreſs,
I come not ſo ill friended; reſcue ſervants.

Enter Simonides, *and* Courtiers.

Clean. Are you ſo whoriſhly provided?
Sim. Yes ſir ſhe has more weapons at command then one.
Eug. Put forward man, thou art moſt ſure to have me.
Sim. I ſhall be ſurer if I keepe behind though.
Eug. Now ſervants ſhew your loves.
Sim. I'le ſhew my love too a farr off.
Eug. I love to be ſo courted, woe me there.
Sim. I love to keep good weapons though nere fought,
I'me ſharper ſet within then I am without.
Hip. Oh Gentlemen *Cleanthes*.
Eug. Fight, upon him.
Hip. Thy thirſt of blood proclaimes thee now a Strumpet.

Eug. Tis daintie, next to procreation fitting,
'de either be deſtroying men or getting. *Enter* Officers

1. *Officer.* Forbeare on your allegiance gentlemen
Hees the Dukes Priſoner, and we ceiſe upon him
To anſwer this contempt againſt the Law.

Clean. Obey Fate in all things.

Hip. Happy reſcue.

Sim. I would y'ad ſeiſ'd vpon him a minute ſooner; 'tad ſav'd me a cut finger, I wonder how I came bi't, for I never put my hand forth i'me ſure, I think my own ſword did cut it if truth were know ne; may be the wier in the handle, I have liv'd theſe five and twenty yeares and never knew what cullour my blood was before I never durſt eat Oyſters, nor cut peck loaves.

Eug. You have ſhowne your ſpirits gentlemen, but you
Have cut your finger.

Sim. I the wedding finger too, a pox ont.

1. *Cour.* Youl prove a bawdy batchelor *Sim*, to have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

Sim. I'le never draw ſword agen to have ſuch
A jeſt put upon me. *Exeunt*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Sword and Mace carried before them.

Enter Simonides, *and the* Courtiers.

Sim. BE ready with your Priſoner, weel ſit inſtantly an riſe before leaven, or when we pleaſe:
Shall we not to low Judges?

Cour. Tis committed
All to our power, cenſure and pleaſure, now
The Duk hath made us cheef Lords of this Seſſions;
And we may ſpeake by fits, or ſleep by turnes.

Sim. Leave that to us, but what to ere we do
The Priſoner ſhall be ſure to be condemnd,

Sleeping

Sleeping or waking we are resolvd on that
Before we set upon him. *Eugenia.*
2. *Cour.* Make you question
If not *Cleanthes* and one enemy
Nay a concealor of his father too.
A vild example in these dayes of youth.
Sim. If they were given to follow such examples
But sure I think they are not, how so ere
'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my judgement,
And it shall passe whilst I am in power to sit,
Never by Prince were such yong Judges made,
But now the cause requires it, if you marke it
He must make yong or none, for all the old ones
Her father he hath sent a fishing, and my fathers one,
I humbly thanke his Highness. *Enter* Eugenia
1. *Cour.* Widdows?
Eug. You almost hit my name, no Gentlemen
You come so wondrous neare it I admire you
For your Judgement.
Sim. My wife that must be she.
Eug. My husband goes upon his last houre now.
1. *Cour.* On his last legs I am sure.
Eug. September the seventeenth
I will not bate an houre ont, and to morrow
His lateſt houres expired.
2. *Cour.* Bring him to judgement,
The juries panneld and the verdict given
Ever he appears we have tane course for that.
Sim. And Officers to attach the gray yong man,
The youth of fourscore be of comfort Lady:
We shall no longer bosome January:
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty Aprill. Lisander *and* Guardian.
Eug. The month that ought indeed
To go before May.
1. *Cour.* Doe as we have sayd,
Take a strong guard and bring him into Court,
Lady *Eugenia* see this charge performed
That having his life forfeited by the Law
Hee may relieve his soule.

Eug. Willingly
From ſhaven chinns never came better Juſtice
Then theſe new tucht by reaſon.
Sim. What you doe
Doe ſuddenly wee charge you, for we purpoſe to make but a ſhort
Seſſions, a new buſineſs *Enter* Hippolita.
1. *Cour.* The faire *Hippolita*, now whats your ſuits?
Hip. Alas I know not how to ſtile you yet,
To call you judges doth not ſuit your yeares
Nor heads and braines ſhew more antiquity,
Yet ſway your ſelves with equity and truth
And i'le proclaime you reverent, and repeat
Once in my life time I have ſeene grave heads
Plac't upon yong mens ſhoulders.
2. *Cour.* Hark ſhe flouts us,
And thinks to make us monſtrous.
Hip. Prove not ſo,
For yet me thinks you beare the ſhapes of men,
Though nothing more then meerly beautifeaus
To make you appeare Angels, but if Crimſon
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppreſs faire virtue and enlarge of old vice,
Both againſt Heaven and Nature, draw your ſword
Make either will or humor turn the ſoule
Of your created greatneſſe, and in that
Oppoſe all goodneſſe. I muſt tell you there
Y'are more then monſtrous, in the very act,
You change your ſelfe to Devils.
1. *Cour.* Shees a witch
Harke ſhe begins to conjure.
Sim. Time you ſee
Is ſhort much buſineſs now on foot, ſhall I
Give her her anſwer?
2. *Cour.* None upon the Bench
More learnedly can do it.
Sim. He, he, hem, then liſt
I wonder at thine impudence yong huswife
That thou dar'ſt plead for ſuch a baſe offender,
Conceale a father paſt his time to die:

What

What ſon and heire would have done this but he?

1. *Cour.* I vow not I.

Hip. Becauſe yee are paricides

And how can comfort be derived from ſuch

That pitty not their fathers?

2. *Cour.* You are freſh and faire, practiſe yong womens ends when husbands are diſtreſt provide them friends.

Sim. I'le ſet him forward fee thee

Some wives would pay for ſuch a curteſie. *without fee.*

Hip. Times of amazement what duty goodneſs dwell,

I ſought for charity but knock at Hel. *Exit.*

Enter Eugenia, *with* Liſander Priſoner, *a* Guard.

Simonides. *Eugenia* come.

Command a ſecond guard

To bring *Cleanthes* in weel not ſit long,

My ſtomack ſtrives to dinner.

Eug. Now ſervants may a Lady be ſo bold

To call your power ſo low?

Sim. A Miſtriſſe may,

She can make all things low, then in that languge

There can be no offence.

Eug. The times now come

Of manumiſſions take him into bonds,

And I am then at freedome.

2. *Cour.* This the man,

He hath left of late to feed on ſnakes,

His beards turnd white again

1. *Court.* Iſt poſſible theſe gowty legs danc't lately,

And ſhatterd in a Gallyard?

Eug. Jealouſie,

And fear of death can worke ſtrange prodigies.

2. *Cour.* The nimble Fencer this that made me tear

And traverſe bout the Chamber.

Sim. I and gave me

Thoſe elbow Healths, the hangman take him fort:

They had almoſt fercht my heart out, the Dutch Veny

I ſwallowed pretty wel, but the halfe pike

Had almoſt prepard me but had I took

Being ſwolne I had caſt my Langs out. *Floriſh.*

Duk. A ſtemiſh *Enter the Duke.*

2. *Cour.* Peace the Duke.

Nay bathe your ſeats, whoſe that?

Duk. May't pleaſe your Highneſs,

Sim. Tis old *Liſander.*

Duk. And brought in by his wife a worthy preſident
Of one that no way would offend the Law.
And ſhould not paſſe away without remark,
You have been lookt for long.

Liſ. But never fit
To die till now my Lord, my ſins and I
Have been but newly parted, much a do
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult leſſon how to learn to die.
I never thought there had been ſuch an act
And tis the only diſcipline we are borne for
All ſtuddies as are, are but as circular lines
And death the center where they muſt all meet.
I now can looke uppon thee erring woman
And not be vext with jealouſie, on yong men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleaſure and ſtrength, all which were once mine owne
And mine muſt be theirs one day.

Duk. You have tamd him

Sim. And know how to diſpoſe him that my Liege
Hath been before determined, you confeſſe
Your ſelfe of full age.

Liſ. Yes and prepard to inherit

Hip. Your place above—Duke—away to death with him

Sim. Of which the hangmans ſtrength *Cleanthes Guard.*
Shall put him in poſſeſſion, tis ſtill guard
To take me willing and in mind to die.
And ſuch are when the earth growes weary of them
Moſt fit for heaven, the Court ſhall make his Mittimus
And ſend him thither preſently ith mean time.

Enter a Guard with Cleanthes, Hippollita *weeping after him.*

So ſee another perſon brought to the Barr.

1. *Cour.* The arch Malefactor.

2. *Cour.* The grand offenders the moſt refractory

To

To call good orders, tis *Cleanthes*,
Hee.
Sim. That would have ſons grave fathers ere their fathers
Be ſent unto their graves.
Duk. There will be expectation
In your ſevere pooceedings againſt him;
His act being ſo Capitall.
Sim. Fearfull and bloody,
Therefore we charge theſe women leave the Court
Leſt they ſhould ſtand to heare it.
Eug. I in expectation
Of a moſt happy freedome. *Exit.*
Hip. I with the apprehenſion
Of a moſt ſad and deſolate widdow hood. *Exit.*
1. *Cour.* We bring him to the Bar.
2. *Cour.* Hold up your hand ſir.
Clean. More reverence to the place then to the perſons
To the one I offer up a palm
Of duty and obedience ſhowdu s to heaven,
Imploring juſtice which was never wanting
Upon that Bench whilſt their own fathers ſat:
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatning vengeance againſt murtherers,
For they that kill in thought ſhed innocent blood
With pardon to your highneſs too much paſſion
Made me forget your preſence and the place,
I now am cald too.
Duk. All one Majeſty
And Power we have to pardon or condemne
Is now conferd on them.
Sim. And theſe weel uſe
Little to thine advantage.
Clean. I expect it
And as to theſe I look no mercy from
And much leſſe ſhowne to intreat it, I thus now
Submit me the Emblemes of your power I meane
The Sword and Bench but my moſt reverend judges
Ere you proceed to ſentence, for I know
You have given me loſt, will you reſolve me ope thing?

1. *Cour.*

1. *Cour.* So it be breefly queſtioned.
2. *Cour.* Shew your honor,
Day ſpends it ſelfe a pace.
Clean. My Lords it ſhall
Reſolve me then where are your filliall tears
Your mourning habits and ſad hearts become.
That ſhould attend your fathers funerall
Though the ſtrick Law which I will not accuſe
Becauſe a ſubject ſnatcht away their lives
It doth not barr them to lament their deaths
Or if you cannot ſpare one ſad ſuſpire
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves
Lay ſubtle traines to antidate their yeares,
To be the ſooner ceaſ'd of their eſtates.
Oh time of age wheres that *Eneas* now
Who letting all his Jewels to the flames.
Forgetting country kindred treaſure friends
Fortunes and all things ſave the name of ſon
Which you ſo much forget, goe like *Eneas*
Who tooke his bedrid father on his back
And with that ſacred load (to him no burden)
Hewd out his way through blood, through fire, through
Even all the armed ſtreets of bright burning Troy,
Onely to ſave a father.
Sim. We have no leaſure now
To heare leſſons read from Virgill, wee are paſt ſchoole,
And all this time thy judges.
2. *Cour.* Tis fit,
That we proceed to ſentence.
1. *Cour.* Youa're the mouth
And now tis fit to open.
Sim. Juſtice indeed
Should ever be cloſe ear'd, and open mouthd
That is to heare him little, and ſpeake much
Low then *Cleanthes* there is none can be
A good ſon and a bad ſubject, for if Princes
Be cald the peoples fathers then the ſubjects
Are all his ſones, and he that flouts the Prince
Doth diſobey his father, there yeare gone.

1. *Cour.*

1. *Cour.* And not to be recovered.
Sim. And again.
2. *Cour.* If he be gone once call him not againe.
Sim. I say againe this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience, as our Princes
Are fathers, so they are our soveraignes too,
And he that doth rebell against soveraignety
Doth commit treason in the height of degree
And now thou art quite gone.
1. *Cour.* Our brother in commission
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little, howsoever
Ie shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example
Ought to be made example for the fault.
Clean. A fault no longer can I hold my selfe
To heare vice upheld and vertue throwne downe,
A fault judge then, I desire where it lyeth
In those that are my judges or in mee
Heaven stand on my side pitty love and duty.
Sim. Where are they sir who sees them but your selfe.
Clean. Not you, and I am sure,
You never had the gracious eyes to see them,
You think you arraigne me, but I hope
To sentence you at the Bar.
2. *Cour.* That would shew brave.
Clean. This were the judgement seat, we now
The heavi.st crimes that ever made up
Unnaturallness in humanity,
You are found fowle and guilty by a Jury
Made of your fathers curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you, and I now
Am forst to pronounce judgement on my judges.
The common Lawes of reason and of nature
Condemne you *ipso facto*, you are paricides,
And if you marry will beget the lyar
Who when y'are growne to full maturity
Will hurry you their fathers to their graves;
Like Traytors you take counsell from the living

Of upright judgement, you would rob the Bench:
Experience and discretion snatcht away
From the earths face, turne all into disorder,
Imprison vertue, and infranchice vice,
And put the Sword of justice into the hands of
Boyes and mad men.

Sim. Well, well have you done sir?

Clean. I have spoke my thoughts.

Sim. Then i'le begin and end.

Duk. Tis time I now begin,
Where your commission ends,
Cleantes you come from the Bar
Because I know y'are severally disposd;
I heere invite you to an object will no doubt *Recorders.*
Worke in you contrary effects. *Old men.*
Musick.

Musick, Sons *and the old men appeare.*

Clean. Pray Heaven I dream not, sure he moves, talkes comfortably, as joy can wish a man, if he be changd
Far above from me, he is not ill intreated.
His face doth promise fullness of content
And glory hath a part in't.

Leo. Oh my son.

Duk. You that can claime acquaintance with these lads
Talke freely.

Sim. I can see none there thats worth one hand to you from me.

Duk. These are thy judges and by their grave Law
I find thee cleare, but these Delinquents guilty:
You must change places for tis so decreed
Such just preheminence hath thy goodness gaind
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraignd.

1. *Cour.* Heers fine dancing Gentlemen.

2. *Cour.* Is thy father amongst them?

Clean. Oh a Pox I saw him the first thing I lookt on
A live againe, sl ght I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.

Sim. Tis full as blessed as tis wonderfull
Oh bring me back to the same law againe

I am fowler then all theſe, ceaſe on me Officers
And bring me to new ſentence.
Clean. Whats all this?
A fault not to be pardoned
Unnaturallneſs is but ſuns ſhaddow to it.
Sim. I am glad of that, I hope the caſe may alter
And I turne judge againe.
Duk. Name your offence.
Clean. That I ſhould be ſo vild
As once to think you cruell.
Duk. Is that all?
'Twas pardond ere confeſt, you that have ſons
If they be worthy heare my challenge then.
Cle. I ſhould have one amongſt them had he had grace
To have retaind that name.
Sim I pray you Father. *Kneeles.*
Cle. That name I know
Hath been long ſince forgot.
Sim. I find but ſmall comfort in remembring it now.
Duk. *Cleanthes* take your places with theſe grave fathers
And read what in that table is inſcribed
Now ſet theſe at the Bar.
And read *Cleanthes* to the dread and terror
Of diſobedience and unnaturall blood.
Clean. It is decreed by the grave and learned
Counſell of *Epire*, that no ſon and heire
Shall be held capable of his inheritance
At the age of one and twenty, unleſſe he be at that time
As nature in obedience, manners and goodneſſe.
Sim. Sure I ſhall never be at full age then,
though I live to an hundred years, and thats nearer by twenty,
then the laſt Statute allowd.
1. *Cour.* A terrible act.
Moreover is enacted that all ſons aforeſaid, whom either this Law
or their owne grace, whom it ſhall reduce into the true method of
duty, vertue, and affection; and relate their triall and approbation
from *Cleanthes* the Son of *Leonides*—from me my Lord.
Duk. From none but you as fulleſt, proceed ſir.
Clean. Whom for his manifeſt vertues, we make ſuch

judge and censure of youth and the absolute reference of life and manners.

Sim. This is a brave world, when a man should be
Selling Land he must be learning manners,
Ist not my Masters? *Engenia.*

Enter Engenia.

Eng. Whats heere to do, my suitors at the Barr
The old baud shines againe, oh miserable! *She sounds.*

Duk. Read the Law over to her twill awake her
Tis one deserves small pitty.

Clean Lastly it is ordained that all such wives now whatsoever that shall designe the husbands death to bee soone rid of them and entertaine suitors in their husbands life time.

Sim. You had best read that a little lowder,
For if any thing that will bring her to her selfe againe, and finde her tongue.

Clean. Shall not presume on the penalty of our heavy displeasure to marry within ten years after.

Eug. That Lawes too long by nine years and a halfe.
I'le take my death upont, so shall most women.

Clean. And these in continent women so offending
To be judge and censured by *Hippolita,*
Wife to *Cleantkes.* *Hippolita.*

Eug. Of all the rest i'le not be judge by her. *Enter Hip.*

Clean. Ah heere shee comes, let mee prevent thy joyes, prevent them but in part and hide the rest, thou hast not strength enough to beare them else.

Hip. Leonides. *Shee faints.*

Clean. I feared it all this while.
I knew 'twas past thy power *Hippolita,*
What contrariety is in womens blood?
One faints for spleene and anger, shee for grace.

Duk. Of Sons and Wives we see the worst and best,
My future ages yeeld *Hippolitas*
Many, but few like thee *Engenia.*
Let no *Simonides* henceforth have a fame
But all blest sons live in *Cleantkes* name *Musick.*
Ha what strange kind of melody was that?
Yet give it entrance whatsoere it be. *Musick*

This

This day is all devout to liberty.

Clo. &c. *Enter Muſick one carrying a Bridecake, the Clowne, the reſt with 'em old Women.*

Enter Clowne, *and* Wench, *the reſt with the old women, the* Clownes *wife, Muſick, and a Bride Cake* ● *the wedding.*

Clo. Fidlers crowd on, crowd on, let no man lay a block in your way, crowd on I ſay.

Duk. Stay the crowd a while, lets know the reaſon
Of this jollity.

Clean. Sirrah doe you know where you are?

Clo Yes ſir, I am heere, now heere, and now heere agen ſir.

Aiſ. Your hats too high crowned the Duke in preſence.

Clo. The Duke (as hee is my Soveraigne) I doe give him two Crownes for it, and thats quitt change all the world over, as am Lord of the day (being my marriage day the ſecond) I doe advance bonnet crowd on afore.

Leon. Good ſir a few words if you'l vouchſafe em
Or will you be forc'd?

Clo Forc'd, I would the Duke himſelfe would ſay ſo.

Duk. I think he dares ſir, and does, if you ſtay not
You ſhall be forc'd.

Clo. I thinke ſo my Lord, and good reaſon too, ſhall not I ſtay when your grace ſayes I ſhall, I were unworthy to bee a Bridegroom in any part of your Highneſs Dominions then, will it pleaſe you to taſt of the wedlock courteſie?

Duke. Oh by no meanes ſir, you ſhall not deface
So faire an ornament for me.

Clo. If your grace pleaſe to be excated ſay ſo.

Clo. And which might be your faire Bride ſir?

Clo. This is my two for one that muſt be *uxor uxoris*,
The remedy *doloris*, and the very *ſyceum Amoris*.

Duk. And haſt thou any elſe?

Clo. I have an older my Lord for other uſes.

Clo. My Lord I doe obſerve a ſtrange decorum heere
Theſe that do lead this day of jollity
Doe march with Muſick and moſt mirthfull cheeks
Thoſe that doe follow ſad, and wofully

Nearer the havior of a funerall
Then a wedding.

Duk. Tis true, pray expound that sir.

Clo As the destiny of the day falls out my Lord, one goes out to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your Grace in the due consideration shall finde em much alike, the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other a halter about her neck.
I take thee *Beatrice* sayes the Bridegroome, I take thee *Agatha* sayes the hangman, and both say together to have and to hold till death do part us.

Duk. This is not yet plaine enough to my understanding.

Clo. If further your Grace examine it, you shall find I shew my selfe a dutifull subject and obedient to the Law, my selfe (with these my good friends, and your good subjects) our old wives whose dates are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the Law onely my selfe more forward then the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

Duk. Oh take heede sir, you'l run your selfe into danger,
If the Law finds you with two wives at once
Theres a shrewd premunire.

Clo. I have taken leave of the old my Lord, I have nothing to say to her, shees going to Sea, your Grace knowes whether better then I doe, shee has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poope when you please let her disemboge.

Cook. And the rest of her neighbours with her whom wee present to the satisfaction of your Highnes Law.

Clo. And so wee take our leaves and leave them to your Highnes, croud on.

Duk. Stay, stay, you are too forward, will you marry?
And your wife yet living.

Clo. Alas Shee'l bee dead before wee can get to Church, if your Grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her, I have a venter one, which would returne mee, if your Highnes would make a little more haste two for one.

Duk. Come my Lords we must sit agen, heers a Case
Craves a most serious censure.

Cook. Now they shall be dispatcht out of the way.

Clo. I would they were gone once, the time goes away.

Duk. Which is the wife unto the forward Bridegroome?

Wife.

Wife. I am and it pleaſe your grace.

Duk. Truſt me a luſty woman, able bodied
And well blooded cheeks.

Clo. Oh ſhe paints my Lord, ſhe was a Chamber Maid once, and learnt it of her Lady.

Duk. Sure I think ſhe cannot be ſo old.

Wife. Truly I think ſo too, and pleaſe your grace.

Clo. Two to one with your grace of that, ſhees threeſcore by the Book.

Leo. Peace ſirra y'are to loud.

Cook. Take heed *Gnatboes* if you moove the Dukes patience, tis an edge toole but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

Clo. Cut off my head, away ignorant, hee knowes it coſt more in the haire, he does not uſe to cut off many ſuch heads as mine, I will talke to him to, if he cut off my head, Ile give him my eares, I ſay my wife is at full age for the Law, the Clark ſhall take his oath and the Church Book ſhall be ſworne too.

Duk. My Lords, I leave this cenſure to you

Leo. Then firſt this fellow does deſerve puniſhment
For offring up a luſty able woman
Which may do ſervice to the commonwealth,
Where the Law craves one impotent and uſeleſs.

Creon. Therefore to be ſeverely puniſhed
For thus attempting a ſecond marriage
His wife yet livinge.

Lif. Nay to have it trebled
That even the daye and inſtant when he ſhould mourne
As a kind husband to her funerall,
Hee leads a triumph to the ſcorne of it
Which unſeaſonable joy ought to bee puniſhed
With all ſeverity.

But. The fiddles will be in a foule caſe too by and by.

Leo. Nay further it ſeemes hee has a venter
Of two for one at his ſecond marriage
Which cannot be but a conſpiracie
Againſt the former.

Clo. A meſſe of wiſe old men.

Lif. Sirrah what can you anſwer to all theſe?

Clo. Ye'are good old men and talke as age will give you leave; I would ſpeake with the youthfull Duke himſelfe, hee and I may

ſpeake

ſpeake of things that ſhall be 30 or 40 yeares after you are dead and rotten, alas you are heere to day and gone to Sea to morrow.

Duke. Introath ſir then I muſt be plaine with you
The Law that ſhould take away your old wife from you
The which I doe perceive was your deſire,
Is voyd and fruſtrate, ſo for the reſt,
There has been ſince another Parliament
Has cut it off.

Clo. I ſee your grace is diſpoſd to be pleaſant.

Duke. Yes you might perceive that, I had not elſe
Thus dallied with your follies.

Clo. Ile talke further with your grace when I come
Back from Church, in the meane time you know what to doe
With the old woman.

Duke. Stay ſir unleſſe in the mean time you mean
To cauſe a Gibbet to be ſet up in your way
And hang your ſelfe at your return.

Wife. Oh gratious Prince.

Duke. Your old wives cannot die to day by any
Law of mine, for ought I can ſay too em
They may by a new edict bury you,
And then perhaps you pay a new fine too.

Clo. This is fine indeed.

Wife. Oh Gracious Prince may he live a hundred years more.

Cook. Your venture is not like to come in to day *Gnotes.*

Clo. Give me the principall back.

Cook, Nay by my troath weel venter ſtill, and i'me ſure wee have as ill a venter of it as you, for wee have taken old wives of purpoſe, where that we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a penny worth.

Duke. Well ſirrah you were beſt to diſcharge
Your new charge and take your old one to you.

Clo. Oh Muſick, no muſick, but prove moſt doleſull Trumpets,
Oh Bride no Bride, but thou muſt prove a Strumpet,
Oh venter, no venter, I have for one now none,
Oh wife, thy life is ſav'd when I hope t'had been gone,
Caſe up your fruitleſs ſtrings. no penny no wedding,
Caſe up thy Maiden head, no Prieſt no bedding,
Avant my venter it can nere be reſtord,

Til

Till Agg my old wife be thrown over board,
Then come agen old Agg ſince it muſt be ſo,
Let Bride, and venter with wofull Muſick goe.

Cook. What for the Bridecake *Gnotboes?*

Clo. Let it be mouldy now tis out of ſeaſon,
Let it grow out of date currant and reaſon,
Let it be chip'd and chopt and given to chickens,
No more is got by that, then *William Dickins*
Got by his wooden diſhes.
Put up your plums as fidlers put up pipes,
The Wedding daſht the Bridegroome
Weeps and wipes.
Fidlers farwell and now without perhaps,
Put up your Fiddles as you put up ſcraps.

Lif. This paſſion has given ſome ſatisfaction yet,
My Lord I think you'l pardon him now,
Withall the reſt ſo they live honeſtly
With the wives they have.

Duke. Oh moſt freely, free pardon to all.

Cook. I wee have deſerv'd our pardons if wee can live honeſtly with ſuch reverent wives that have no motion in em but their tongues.

Wife. Heaven bleſſe your Grace, y'are a juſt Prince.

Clo. All hopes daſh'd, the Clarks duties loſt, Venter gon, my ſecond wife divorc'd, and which is worſt the old one come back agen.
Such Voyages are made nowadayes, I will weep too ſalt
Of our noſe, beſides theſe two fountaines of freſh water,
Your grace had been more kind to your yong ſubjects,
Heaven bleſſe, and mend your Lawes, that they do
Not gull your poore Country men: faſhion, but I am not
The firſt by forty that has been undone by the Law,
Tis but a folly to ſtand upon Termes,
I take my leave of your Grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave, I would they had been a ſleep in their beds when they opend em to ſee this day: come Agg, come Agg.

Creon Were not you all my ſervants?

Cook. During your life as we thought ſir, but our yong Maſter turnd us away.

Creon. How headlong villaine wert thou in thy ruine?

Sim. I followed the faſhion ſir as other yong men did,
If you have as we thought you had been
We ſhould nere have come for this I warrant you,
We did not feed after the old faſhion on Beefe
And Mutton and ſuch like.

Creon. Well what dammage or charge you have run
Your ſelves into by marriage, I cannot help
Nor deliver you from your wives, them you muſt keepe
Your ſelves ſhall againe retaine to me.

Om. We thank your Lordſhip for your love, and muſt thanke our ſelves for our bad bargains.

Duk. Cleanthes You delay the power of Law,
To be inflicted on theſe miſgovernd men,
That filiall duty have ſo far tranſgreſt.

Clean. My Lord I ſee a ſatisfaction
Meeting the ſentence, even preventing it
Beating my words back in their utterance
See ſir theres ſalt ſorrow bringing forth freſh
And new duties (as the ſea propagates)
The Elephants have found their joynts too, why
Heres humility able to bind up
The puniſhing hands of the ſevereſt maſters
Much more the gentle fathers.

Sim. I had nere thought to have been brought ſo low as my knees agen, but ſince thers no remedy, fathers, reverent fathers, as you ever hope to have good ſons and heirs, a handfull of pitty wee confeſſe wee have deſerv'd more then wee are willing to receive at your hands, though ſonnes can never deſerve too much of their fathers as ſhall appeare afterwards.

Creon And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to Beeves and Muttons ſure.

Sim. Alas ſir you ſee a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and luſty meats, and are downe to our mary bones already.

Creon. Well ſir riſe to vertues weel bound you now,
You that were too weake your ſelves to govern,
By others ſhall be governd.

Liſ. Cleanthes,

I meet your Juſtice with reconcilement
If there be tears of faith in womans breſt
I have receivd a mirriade which confirmes me
To finde a happy renovation.
Clean. Heers Virtues Throne
Which i'le imbelliſh with my deareſt Jewels
Of Love and Faith, Peace and Affection,
This is the Altar of my Sacrifice,
Where dayly my devoted knees ſhall bend
Age honored ſhrine, time ſtill ſo love you,
That I ſo long may have you in mine eye
Untill my memory loſe your beginning.
For you great Prince, long may your fame ſurvive,
Your juſtice and your wiſdome never die,
Crowne of your Crowne, the bleſſing of your Land
Which you reach to her from your regents hand.
Leon. Oh *Cleanthes* had you with us taſted
The entertainment of our retirement
Feard and exclaimd on in your ignorance,
You might have ſooner died upon the wonder
Then any rage or paſſion for our loſſe.
A place at hand we were all ſtrangers in
So ſpheard about with Muſik, ſuch delights
Viands and attendance, and once a day
So cheared with a royall viſitant
That oft times (waking) our unſteady phantaſies
Would queſtion whether we yet livd or no
Or had poſſeſſion of that Paradice
Where Angells be the guard.
Duk. Enough *Leonides*
You go beyond the praiſe, we have our end
And all is ended well, we have now ſeene
The flowers and weeds that grew about our Court.
Sim. If theſe be weeds i'me afraid I ſhall weare none ſo good a-gen as long as my father lives.
Duke. Only this Gentleman we did abuſe
With our owne boſome, we ſeemd a Tyrant
And he our inſtrument, looke tis *Cratilus*. *Diſcover the Executioner.*
The man that you ſuppoſ'd had now been traveld,

Which wee gave leave to learn to ſpeak
And bring us forraigne languages to Greece
Alls joyed I ſee, let Muſick be the Crowne,
And ſet it high, the good needs feare no Law,
It is his ſafety, and the bad mans aw.

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Dick Scorner	C	
Duke of Florence	T	
Doubtful heir	C	*James Shirly*
Deſtruction of Jeruſalem	M	*Thomas Legge*
Doctor Fauſtus	H	

E

Eaſtward ho	C	*George Chapman.*
Endimion, or the man in the moon	C	*John Lilly*
Every man in his humor	C	*Ben Johnſon.*
——— out of his humor	C	*Ben. Johnſon.*
Engliſh traveller	C	*Tohmas Heywood.*
Emperor of the Eaſt	C	*Philip Maſſinger.*
Elder brother	C	*John Fletcher*
Example	C	*James Shirley*
Edward firſt, Long-ſhanks	T	
——— Second	T	
——— Third	T	
——— Fourth, 2 parts	T	
Every woman in her humor	C	*Ben. Johnſon*
Enterlude of youth	I	
Eunuchus in Terence	C	*Rich. Bernard*
Enough as good as a feaſt	C	
Engliſh Arcadia	C	
Electra ſophocles	T	
Eliſabeth 1. 2. part	T	
Extravagant ſhepherd	C	*Thomas Goffe.*
Eunuch in Terence	C	*Tho. Newman*

F

Fancies	C	
Floating Iſland	C	
Ferex and Porex	C	
Fortunate Iſles	C	
——— Iſles	M	
Fortune by land and ſea	C	
Fair quarrel	C	*Thomas Midelton*
Fair maid of the Weſt	C	*Thomas Haywood*

——— of the Inne	C	John Fletcher
Faithfull Shepheard	C	Richard Fynshaw
——— Shepheardesse	C	John Dymmocke
Fanne	C	John Marston
Fleire	C	Edward Sharpham
Fox	C	Ben. Johnson
Fryer bacon	H	
Foure London prentises	T	Thomas Haywood
Fine Companion	C	Shakerly Marmyon
Fatall Dowery	C	Philip Massenger
——— Contract	C	
False one	C	John Fletcher
Foure playes in one	C	John Fletcher
Favorite	C	Lodowick Carlisle
Family of love	C	Thomas Middleton
Faire maid of Bristow	C	
——— Exchange	C	
Fortunatus	C	Thomas Barker
Free will	C	Henry Cheeke
Fidele and Fortunata	C	
Four pees	C	
Fulgius and Lucrell	C	
Fatall union	C	
Faire Em,	C	

G

Galatea	C	John Lilly
Golden age	C	Thomas Haywood
Gratefull servant	C	James Shirly
Greens tu quoque	C	Iohn Cooke
Gobline	C	Iohn Sucklinge
Gamester	C	Iames Shirly
Guise	C	Iohn Webster
Guardian	C	Abraham Cowly
Ghost	C	
Gentleman Usher	C	Georg Chapman
Gorbodne	C	
Gammer Gurtons needle	C	
Gentle-craft	C	
Glasse of government	I	Georg Gascoyne
Gyles Goose-cap	C	
Game at chesse	C	Thomas Middleton
Guardian	C	Phil. Massinger
Gentleman of Venice	H	Iames Shirley
George a Green	C	

Gentleman of Verona	C	William Shakespeare
H		
Histriomastix	C	
Hoffman	T	William Shakespeare
Hymeniæ	M	
Hey for Honesty	C	Tho. Randolph
Hector of Germany	C	
Hectors	C	
Horatius	T	Wil. Lower
Hog hath lost his pearle	C	Robt. Taylor
Humerous dayes mirth	C	Gorge Chapman
——Courtier	C	James Shirly
Hamblet prince of den	T	
Henry Fourth, both parts	H	Will. Shakespeare
——Fifth	H	
——Sixth 3 parts	H	
——Eight	H	
Heir	C	Tho. May
Honest, both parts	C	Tho. Decker
Hanniball and Scipio	C	Tho. Nabbs
Holands Leaguer	H	Shakerly Marmion
Hollander	C	Henry Glapthorn
Hide Parke	C	James Shirly
Humerous Lieytenant	C	John Fletcher
Honest mans fortune	C	
Herod Antipater	C	George Markham
Henry the Fifth, with the battel	C	
——of Agincourt		
Honest Lawyer	C	
Humor out of breath	C	John Day
Hymens Triumph	M	Samuel Daniel
Hercules furious	I	
——Orteus	I	
Hippolitus Seneca	T	Edmund Prestwich
Hieronimo, both parts	H	Will. Shakespeare
Hanns bere pot	C	
I		
Just Italian	C	Will. Davenant
Jew of Malta	H	Christ. Marlow
Insatiate Countess	C	John Marston
John K. of England	H	
Julius Cæsar	T	Will. Shakespeare
Iron age, both parts	C	The. Decker

Iealous lovers	C	*Tho. Randolph*
Iſland princeſs	C	*John Fletcher*
Iuſt generall	T	*Coſmo Manuche.*
Iovial crew	C	*Rich. Brome*
Impoſter	C	*James Shirly*
Iack drums entertainement		
Ioſeph	T	*Hugo Grotius*
Iack Strawes life and death	H	
If this be not a good play the de-	C	*Tho. Decker*
Iacob and Eſau (vils in't	I	
Iack jugler	C	
Iſle of gall	H	*Pow. Day*
Ioraſta	H	
K. Iohn and *Matilda*	T	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Iohn K. of England, both parts		
Ioſephs afflictions	I	
Iohn Evangeliſt	I	
Impatient Griſſell	C	
——— Poverty	C	
Imperiall	T	
Ignoramus	C	

K

King and no King	C	*John Fletcher*
Knight of peſtell,	C	*John Fletcher*
——— of malta	C	*John Fletcher*
Knack to know an honeſt man	C	
——— a knave	C	
Knight golden ſhield	C	
Knave in Graine	C	
King and Queen Intert.	M	

L

London prodigall	C	*Will Shakeſpear*
Loves labor loſt	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
——— Melancholy	C	*John Foard*
——— Sacrifice	C	*John Ford*
Miſtriſs	M	*Thomas Haywood*
Loves cruelty	C	F. B. Jo. F.
——— progreſſe	C	F. B. Jo. F.
--- Cruelty or the Martials maide	C	F. B. Jo. F.
Lady of pleaſure	C	*Henry Glapthorn*
Ladyes privilege	C	*James Shirly*

Little

Little French-lawyer	C	F. B. Jo. F.
Loial ſubject	C	F. B. Jo. F.
Laws of Candy	C	F. B. *Iohn Fletcher.*
Lancaſter witches	C	
Love and honor	C	*Will. Davenant*
Ladie errant	C	*William Cartwright*
Loial lovers	C	*Coſmo Manuche*
Love in its extaſie	C	
Ladies trial	C	*John Ford*
Loſt ladie	C	F. B. Jo, Fl.
Luſtie juventus	C	
Loves riddle	P	*Abraham Cowly*
Love and fortune	C	
Ladies of London	C	
Lords of London	C	
Locrinus	C	
Loves metamorphoſis	C	*John Lilly.*
Liberalitie and prodigalitie	C	
Lingua	C	
Law-tricks	C	
Looking-glaſſe for London	C	
Laws of nature	C	
Like for like	C	
Look about you	C	
Loves dominion	P	
Langartha	C	
Leveller levelled	C	
Loves loadſtone	C	
——triumph	M	
Love-ſick King	C	*Thomas Bernard*
Lancaſter and York	H	
Loves labor loſt	C	*Will. Sampſon*
Lovers, a mask	M	
Loves pilgrim	C	*E. B. Jo. F.*

M

Muſes looking-glaſs	C	*Tho. Randalph*
Male-content	C	*Iohn Marſton*
Mydas	T	*John Lilly*
Maſſacre of Paris	T	*Chriſtopher Marlow*
Martyr	T	*Will Lower*
Mother Rumming	C	
Martyred ſouldier	C	*Henry Shirly*
Mounſieur Thomas	T	*John Fletcher*
Maids revenge	T	*James Shirly*

Maſſalina	T	*Nath. Richards*
Mounſier de Oliva	T	
Michaelmas tearm	C	*Thomas Middleton*
Mask at at Graies-Inn	M	
Magnetick Lady	C	
Mad couple	C	*Richard Brooke*
Mad world my maſters	C	*Thomas Middleton*
Marius and Scilla	T	*Tho. Lodge*
Mariame	T	*Lady Eliz. Carew*
Manhood and wiſdom	C	
Mary Magdalens. Repentance	I	
Maids of Moreclack	C	*Robert Armion*
Maids metamorphoſis	C	*Iohn Lilly*
Menechrims	T	
Merry divell of Edmond.	C	*William Shakeſpeare*
Merry milk-maids	C	
Millers daughter of Manchester	C	
Mucidorus	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Maſquard D ciel	M	
Mercya	T	*Robert Barron*
Maſſanello	T	
Metamorphoſied Gypſy	M	
Mortimers fall	H	
May day,	C	*Gorge Chapman*
Merchant of Venice	C	*William Shakeſpeare*
Marriage of Arts	C	
Match me in London	C	*Thomas Barker*
Maids Tragedy	T	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*
Merry wives of windſor	C	*William Shakeſpear.*
Midſommer nights dream	C	*William Shakeſpear*
Maid in the mil	C	*Will. Rou'y*
Miſery of marriage	C	*Georg Wilkins*
Mother Bombie	C	*John Lilly.*
Much a doe about nothing	C	*Will. Shakeſpear*
Muliaſſes the Turke	T	*John Maſon*
Muſtapha	T	
Meaſure for meaſure,	C	*Will. Shakeſpear*
Magbeth	T	*Will Shakeſpeer*
Maidenhead well loſt	C	*Thomas Haywood*
Mad lover	C	*John Fletcher.*
Medea, Seneca	T	
Microcoſmus	M	*Tho. Nabbs*
Maid of honour	C	*Phil. Maſſinger*
Match at mid-night	C	*Will. Rouly*

N

New way to pay old debts	C	*Phil. Maſsinger*
New Inn	C	*F. B. Jo. F.*
Northern laſſe	C	*Rich. Brome*
Night walker	C	*F. B. Jo. F.*
Noble gentleman	C	*F. B. Jo. F.*
Nice valour	C	*F. B. Iohn Fletcher.*
Novella	C	*Richard Broome*
Nero's life and death	H	
Noble Souldier	T	*Sam. Rowly*
2 ——Kinſman	C	
——Stranger	C	*Lewis Machen*
Ne'r new written	C	
New trick to cheat the divel	M	
Neptunes tryumph	I	
Niniveehs repentance	C	
Northward ho	C	
Nice wanton	C	
No body, and ſome body	C	
New cuſtom	C	

O

Old Law	C	*Philip Maſſinger.*
Ordinary	C	
Orlando furioſo	T	
Old wives tale	*H*	
Ortenus	C	
Ortenas	T	
Ædipus	T	
Oreſtes	T	*Thomas Goffe.*
Othello	T	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Oberon	M	
Oldcaſtles life	H	
Opportunity	C	*Iames Shirly*
Octavia	T	*Tho. Newman*
Octavias	T	*Thomas Brandon*
Owle	C	

P

Parlament of Bees	C	*John Day*
Pharmia in Terence	T	*Rich. Bernard*

Patient Griſſel, old	C	
——— Griſſel, new	C	
Paſtor fido	P	Richard Fanſhaw
Pinner of VVakefild	C	
Priſoners	T	Thomas Killigrew
Play of the weather	C	
Promiſe of God manifeſted	I	
Promus and Caſſandra both parts	P	
Philotas	T	Samuel Daniel
Phoenix	C	
Pedlers propheſies	C	
Palſgrave	T	
Puritan widow	C	Will. Shakeſpeare
Player whipt	C	
Pallanthus and Eudora	T	Henry Killegrew
Pilgrim	C	John Fletcher
Propheteſs	P	Iohn Fletcher
Platonick lovers	T	VVil. Davenant
Pittie ſhe is a whore	C	John Foard
Perkin VVarbeck	T	John Foard
Philotas Scotch	C	
Picture	C	Phil. Maſſinger
Poetaſter	T	Ben Johnſon.
Phylaſter	T	John Fletcher
Phoenix in her flames	T	Wil. Lower
Pyrocles prince of Tyre	C	Will. Shakeſpeare
Poor mans comfort	M	Robert Davborne
Pleaſure reconciled	P	
Paria	M	
Peleus and Thetis	C	
Politician	C	Iames Shirly
Patrick for Ireland	C	Iames Shirley
Paſſionate lovers, both parts	C	Lodowick Loyd

Q

Queen of Arragon	T	Samuel Doniell
Queens Arcadia	T	John Fletcher.
Queen	T	
——— of Corinth	T	
——— of her ſex	T	

R

Ram-Ally	C	Philip Maſſenger
Roman Actor		William Shakeſpere

Romeo and Juliet	T	*William Shakespear*
Roial King	T	*Thomas Haywood*
Roial slave	T	*William Cartwright*
Rebellion	T	*Thomas Rawlins*
Roial master	C	*James Shirly*
Rollo Duke of Normandie	T	*John Fletcher*
Rape of Lucrecia	C	*Tho. Hatwood*
Renegado	T	*Philip Massinger.*
Richard 2d.	T	*Will. Shakespeare*
——Third	T	*Will. Shakespeare*
Robin Hood, both parts	C	
Robin Conscience	C	
Rival friends	C	*Peter Hanstead*
Raging Turk	T	*Thomas Goffe.*
Rhodon and Iris	P	*Ralph Knevet*
Revenger	T	*Tournour*
Roaring Girle	C	*Thomas Middleton*
Return from Parnassus	C	
Robert E. of Huntingtons down-	H	
——death (fall	H	
Robin Hood	P	
Rule a wife and have a wife	C	*John Fletcher*

S

Spanish Tragedie	T	*Tho. Kyte*
——Curate	C	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*
——Bawd	C	
Stukelyes life and death	H	
Sad shepherd	C	
Scots politick Presbyter	I	
Scipio and Phillis	P	
Sisters	C	
Sicily and Naples	T	
Sophister	T	
Silver-age	C	*Thomas Haywood*
Sophao and Phao	T	*Joon Lilly*
Scornful ladie	C	*John Fletcher*
Sejanus fall	C	*Ben. Johnson*
Silent woman	C	*Ben. Johnson*
Sophonisba	H	*John Marston*
School of complements	C	*James Shirly*
Sophy	T	*Thomas Denham*
Staple of news	C	*Ben. Johnson*
Springs glory	M	*Tho. Nabbs*

Strange diſcoverie	C	
Shepherds holyday	C	*Jvpeph Rutter*
Sea-voiage	C	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*
Sparagus Garden	C	*Rob. Broom.*
Swaggering Damſel	C	*Robert Chamberlyne*
Scots figaries	C	*John Tatham*
Siege, or loves convert	C	*William Cartwright*
Solyman and Perſida	T	
Summers laſt will	C	
Solynus	T	*Thomus Goffe.*
Scotch hiſtorie	H	
See me, or ſee me not	C	
Suppoſes	I	*George Gaſcoynd*
Suſanna's tears	I	
Swetman the woman-hater ar-	C	
Secillides (raigned	T	
Shoomaker a gentleman	C	
——holyday	C	

T

Troilus and Creſſida	T	
Temple of love	M	
Twinns	C	*Wil. Rider.*
Torquato Taſſo	D	
Tullus Cicero	T	
Tamerlain, both parts	H	
Tancred and Giſmond	T	
Two Tragedies in one	T	*Roger Yernton*
Two wiſemen	C	
Three Engliſh heroes	C	
Trial of Chevalry	C	
——of treaſure	C	
Tide tarrieth for no man	C	
Twelfth night	C	*William Shakeſpere*
The boies, Seneca	C	
Thirſtes, an Interlude		
True Trojans	T	
Thertes	T	*Laſper Halwood*
Troas	T	
Totenham Court	C	*Thomas Nabbs*
Tom tyler	C	
Tempeſt	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
The longer thou liveſt, the more fool thou art	C	
Triumph of beauty	M	

Tale

Tale of a tub	C	*Ben Johnson.*
Traitor	T	*James Shirly*
Timon of Athens	I	
Two noble kinſmen	C	*Will Shakeſpear*
Triumph of peace	M	*James Shirly*
Titus Andronicus	T	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Taming of a ſhrew	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Trick to catch the old one	C	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Thiery and Theodoret	T	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*

V

Untruſſing the humerous poet	C	*Tho. Decker*
Unnatural combate	C	*Philip Maſſenger*
Vow breaker	C	*Will. Sampſon*
Unfortunate mother	C	*Thomas Nabs*
——lovers	C	*Will. Davenant*
Valentinian	C	*John Fletcher*
Virgin widow	C	*Francis Quarls*
——martyr	C	*Phillip Maſſeagen*
Valiant Welſhman	C	
Valiant Scot:	C	
Varieties	C	
Very woman	C	*Will. E. of Newcaſt*
Virtuous Octavia	T	*Phil ip Maſſenger*
Viſion of delight	M	
Virgils Eclogs	T	

W

Widows tears	C	*George Chapman*
Woman-hater	C	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*
Woman kill'd with kindneſs	C	*Thomas Haywood*
Woman is a weather-cock	C	*James Shirley*
Wedding	C	*Nath. Field*
What you will	C	*John Marſton*
When you ſee me, you will know (me	C	*Sam. Rowly*
White divel	C	*John Webſter*
Whore of Babylon	C	*Tho. Darker*
Winters tale	C	*Wil. Shakeſpear*
Wittie fair one	C	*James Shirley*
Woman never vext	C	*Wil. Rouly*
Witts	C	*Wil. Dovenant*
Wonder of a kingdom	C	*Tho. Decker*
Wife woman of Hogſdon	C	*Thomas Haywood*
Wit without money	C	*F. B. Jo. Fl.*

VVit in a Conſtable	C	*Hen. Glapthorn*
VVomans prize	C	F. B. Jo. Fletcher
VVoman pleaſed	C	
VVit at ſeveral weapons	C	
VVidow	C	*Thomas Middleton.*
VVild-gooſe chaſe	C	F. B. Jo Flet.
VVine, Beer, Ale, Tobacco	C	
VVorld toſt at tennis	C	*Thomas Midelton*
VVoman have her will	C	
VVit in a woman	C	
VVylie beguiled	C	
VViats hiſtorie	H	*Tho. Decker*
VVeſtward ho	C	*John Webſter*
VVeakeſt goeth to the wall	C	
VVealth and health	C	
VVarning for fair women	C	
VVoman in the moon	C	*John Lilly*
VVife for a month	C	F. B. Jo. Fletcher

Y

Young Admiral	C	*James Shirley*
Yorkſhire Tragedie	T	*Will. Shakeſpeare*
Your fine gallants.	C	*Thomas Midleton*

FINIS.